

Amusement
News

LIFE

Personalities
Sport

15 Cents

M. L.

Nov 16 1928



EDWARD
MOAKS
-28

"Now hurry and change your
clothes, my dear, and we'll
go some place and dance!"

A REMARKABLE RECORD OF SERVICE

...earned in the hands of 30,000 owners

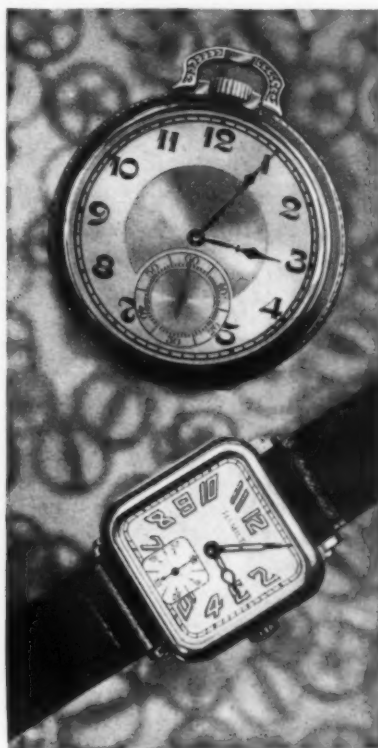
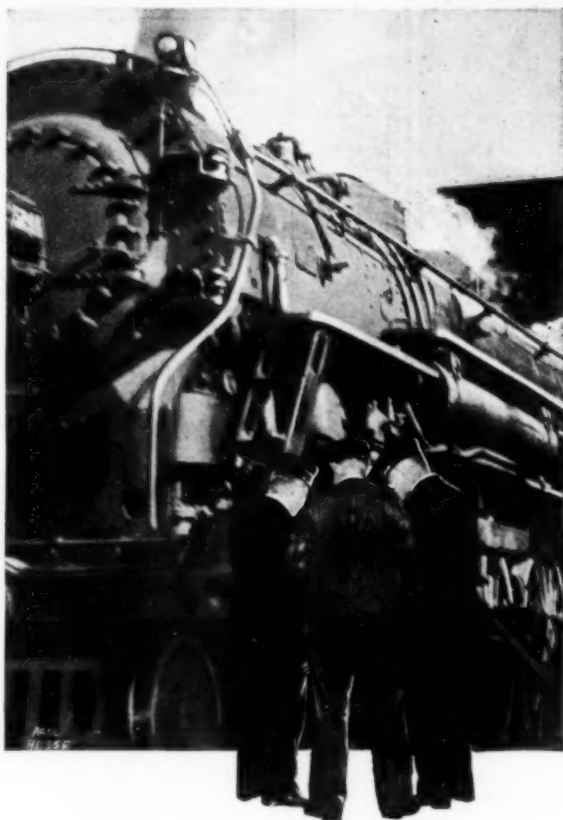


M A R M O N
N E W S E R I E S

*There is only one real kind of evidence
about an automobile and that is owner*

evidence. It is final and conclusive proof — It means that day in and day out the car goes out and performs. It means that it will ride the highest mountain without running up the thermometer. It means you can put it up to top speed and down to nothing without the murmur of a valve — It means everything that faithful performance can mean. That's what the New Marmon 8's mean to their 30,000 owners who say they're "great automobiles." New 68, \$1465; New 78, \$1965, f. o. b. factory. De luxe equipment extra.





"Time is not their merry wanton". .

from "A Ride in the Cab of the 20th Century Limited"

By Christopher Morley

AS Christopher Morley points out in the charming, whimsical account of his ride in the cab of the "Century," railroad men make a rite of "Getting There when you said you were Going To." It is Time they feed into the flaming furnace. It is Time that flickers in the giant wheels. "Time," he concludes, "is not their merry wanton, as she is to some of us. She's their wife, for better for worse."

That's why for years the 20th Century, the Broadway Limited, the Olympian, and other fast fliers of the rails have been started

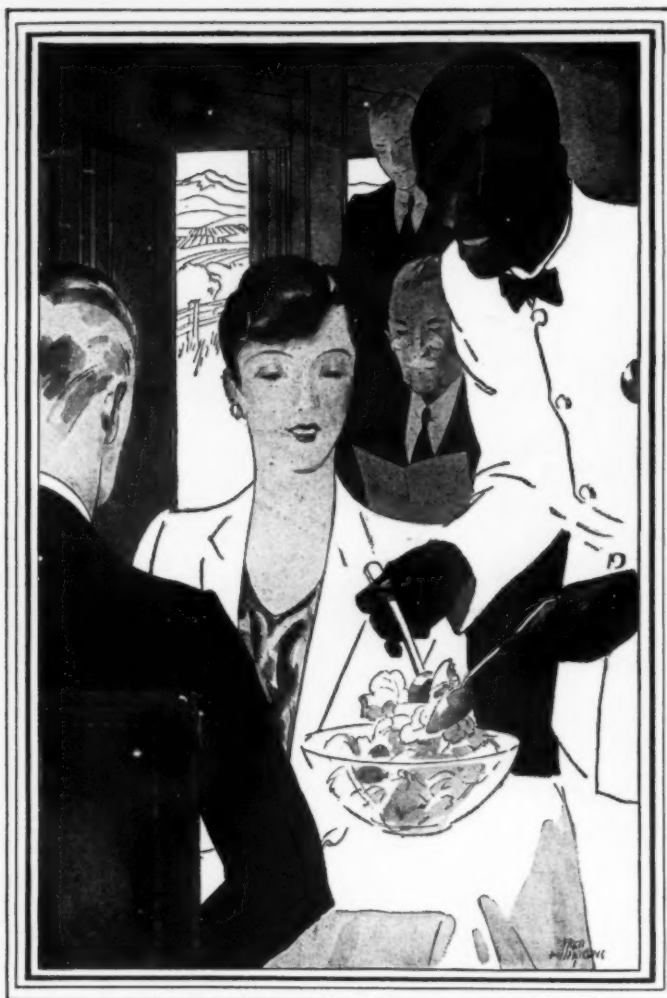
and guided by a watch in which men place their utmost confidence—the Hamilton Watch, known everywhere for its almost uncanny accuracy.

MR. MORLEY'S STORY — FREE

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Morley's beautifully written story, illustrated with many unusual photographs. Also, "The Timekeeper," telling something of the care with which Hamiltons are made. Above is shown the beautiful Wheatland pocket model, in 14k filled green or white gold, engraved, \$50. Also the Hastings strap model, especially popular among sportsmen, which may be had in 14k yellow or white gold, \$85—in 14k filled yellow or white gold, \$55. Address Hamilton Watch Co., 899 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

Hamilton

THE WATCH
of Railroad Accuracy



"The Salad Bowl," a distinctive feature of Southern Pacific dining cars

"Sunset Limited"

New Orleans — Los Angeles — San Francisco

Crisp, savory salad — as many servings as you wish — deftly lifted from the big Salad Bowl to sparkling china . . . dining cars restocked daily with freshest produce of the countryside . . . and through the car window, clicking past, the fascinating panorama of South or West. *On to California!*

Only Southern Pacific offers choice of four routes to California. Stop over anywhere. Go one way, return another, on fast, fine "Sunset Limited", "Golden State Limited", "San Francisco Overland Limited", or "Cascade".

Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes

Please write your address and name below, tear off and mail it to E. W. CLAFF, traffic manager, 310 S. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, for free, interesting book with illustrations and animated maps, "How Best to See the Pacific Coast".

RHYMED REVIEWS

All Kneeling

By Anne Parrish. Harper & Brothers

OF Grecian Helen's baneful line,
A girl to set your senses reeling,
Was Christabel before whose shrine
Devoted throngs were always kneeling.

From winsome childhood beamed upon
By neighbors quaint and Philadelphish,
She fooled them all but Uncle John,
Who saw that she was wholly selfish.

Her verses having made a stir
Among her friends and near relations
(You'll know just what her poems were
From sundry well-devised quotations),

She sought Bohemian atmosphere
With Gotham's pen and pencil shovers
And tried to help her own career
By stealing other ladies' lovers.

This ruthless Circe, Christabel,
To please and win the most exacting
Performed the angel's rôle so well
That she herself believed her acting.

She learned the trick of snaring men
And dropping them as things de-
manded,
And calling them to heel again,
Yet always seeming sweet and candid.

The hopes of Elliott she wrecked
To marry Curtis, free in spending;
She's grabbing Nick the architect
From Ellen when the book is ending.

The moral, somewhat worn and gray,
Is not the sort to please the parson:
A charming jade can get away
With murder, burglary and arson.

Arthur Guiterman.

THE "DAMNED SHOVEL" SCHOOL

THE PRACTICE, so common in popular books and plays, of calling a spade a spade, is bound to lead to a reaction. It will not take long for the customers to get tired of hearing bad words spoken on the stage, and seeing them printed in best sellers. We do not predict that the reaction will take us all the way back to the old-fashioned asterisks, but we are confident that before long it will be considered more effective to call a spade a sp—de.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

FINE LOOKOUT

"DARLING," cried a young wife as darling came home from the office, "there's going to be a new grocery store in the neighborhood."

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "We certainly are prospering. We haven't exhausted our credit with the other one yet."

—American Legion Monthly.

"J. H. DEAN SELLS HIS INTEREST IN GIN."—
Headline in the Midland (Tex.) Telegram.
Is it as easy as that?—New Yorker.



¶ If your mind is firmly made up that you must have ideal radio reception or none at all, permit this suggestion. ¶ Enquire among experienced friends about Kolster. Question as many Kolster users as you like. ¶ The response will be: "*Kolster is a*

fine set." ¶ To this we have nothing to add. You then have sufficient information to request a home demonstration. ¶ Kolster Model K22, a 6 tube floor model, is illustrated above. Electrically operated with synchronous type Kolster Reproducer.

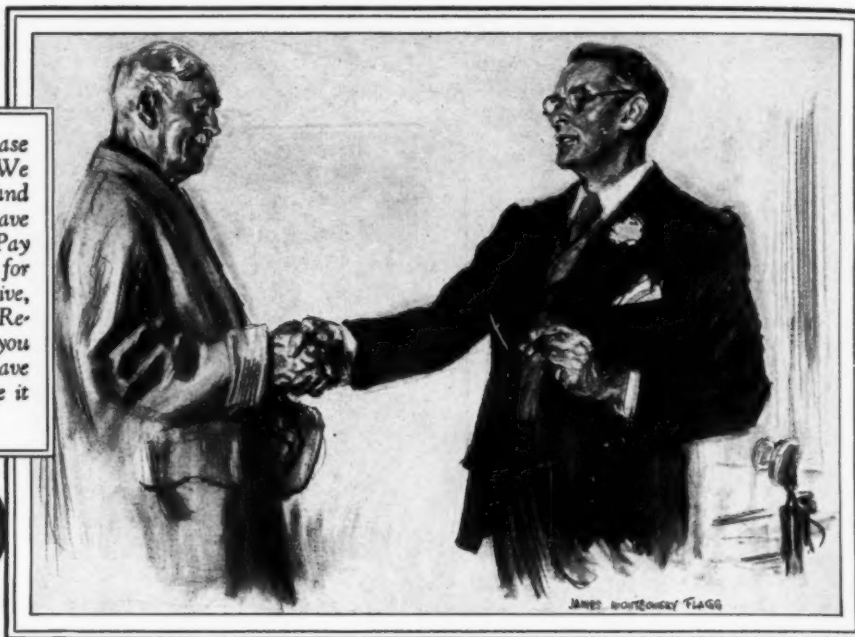
K O L S T E R RADIO



Enjoy the Kolster Program every Wednesday evening at 10 P.M. Eastern Standard Time over the nation-wide Columbia Chain.

The Happy Day

"You surely deserve release from work and care. We owe our success to you and other men who always gave us the best they had. Pay days will be provided for you, as long as you live, out of the Cooperative Retirement Fund which you helped to build. You have earned the right to take it easy. Good luck!"



© 1938 N. L. S. CO.

AFTER the man who has won the right to retire in ease and comfort has been congratulated, the wise president and board of directors who thus show their appreciation of faithful service also deserve congratulations. Such appreciation inspires new courage in all hearts. The interests of capital and labor are inseparably linked. Through cooperative efforts their most difficult problems are being solved.

Many of the biggest employers of labor are themselves employees and do not own the companies they manage. These men have learned that officers as well as men in the ranks do better work if they know that years of loyal service will be amply rewarded.

Stockholders expect dividends. Employees expect good wages. In wise management there is a fair and just division of earnings which

must be preserved in a delicate balance. Not all of the yearly earnings may safely be paid out in dividends and pay checks.

Long-headed business men lay aside money for new and more effective equipment when old machines shall be worn out. In the same way they make plans that permit the honorable retirement of veterans and the filling of their places by younger men.

Big business recognizes that it is good business to establish the independence of faithful workers in their later years. By planning together for their mutual advantage, employers and employees can build a sound Retirement Plan based on earnings and savings that will provide a regular, definite income for life.

No man of spirit wants charity but he does want an opportunity to become independent.



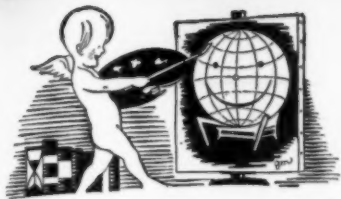
Business has welcomed the development of modern pension plans which have made possible retirement with a fixed income. While, in the past, many privately owned businesses have provided quietly for the needs of retired employees, scientific pension systems are a comparatively new development.

Some of the earlier plans, dictated more by good intentions than by sound financing, are so hopelessly involved

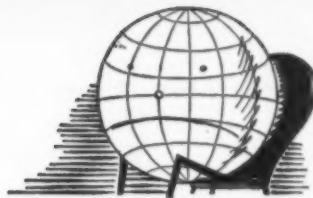
that they will have to be revised or completely abandoned. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has made a comprehensive study of more than 350 different pension plans in operation today. To employees and employers interested in a sound solution of pension problems, the Metropolitan will be glad to mail without charge, Booklet 128-F, "Sound Retirement Plans and What They Should Provide".

HALEY FISKE, President.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



LIFE



"Yes, sir! The more you make—the more you spend."

Eureka!

"Ed," said sporting editor number one, "I'm stumped for a word to describe how Beefus made that winning touchdown—that play where he crashed off tackle. But I've used 'crashed'."

"How about 'slid'?" volunteered sporting editor number two.

"Naw, I used that: 'Halligan slid around end.' And I've used 'jammed'."

"'Breezed' might do."

"Used that too. 'Murphy breezed through center.'"

"Well, how about 'thundered'?"

"I used that twice—also 'slammed'."

"'Slithered'?"

"No."

"Maybe 'galloped'."

"No. That's out."

"'Tore' is a good word."

"Not when you've used it four times."

"H'm. Well—no. Perhaps—no, you've surely used that. Ah! At last! I've got it! 'Ran'!"

"By golly, Ed, you've hit it. It's the very word I've been trying to think of all season. How do you spell it?"

Parke Cummings.

ON FIRST OPENING A VANITY CASE, AFTER LOSING A LOVER

I did not shed a tear, my eyes were dry
When you went out forever from my door:

The tears came when I realized that I
Need not use kissproof lipstick any more.

Mary Carolyn Davies.

JANE (at football game): Isn't Jack playing this quarter?

MARY: No, he's sitting this one out.



THE LITTLE BOY WHOSE GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER CAME OVER ON THE "MAYFLOWER" IS SNUBBED BY THE LITTLE GIRL WHOSE UNCLE CAME OVER ON THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN"

Identification Is Vexation

by
Norman
Jaffray

I HAVE yet to see the bank that, being confronted with a check or a money order that is palpably my own, will believe me when I insist that I am myself and not an imitation of four Hawaiians. The general attitude is that all clients are impostors, and that, given an opportunity, they will attempt to draw out Mr. Mellon's money and close Mr. Ford's account and receive the interest which rightfully belongs to Mr. Morgan. "Fidelity"—"Trust"—"Surety"—hanh! These are mere hypocritical titles attached to banks that wouldn't trust their own vice-presidents around the corner with a Confederate quarter.

I once went to some pains to have an artificial mole grafted on my left cheek, in order to possess some incontrovertible identification mark which no clerk could gainsay. Did it work? It certainly did not. They gainsaid all over the place. Even when I produced the doctor's certificate the paying tellers, when they cashed my checks at all, paid me entirely in pennies.

Finally, however, I hit upon an expedient which worked successfully, espe-

cially in out-of-town banks where I was not known. I arranged for three prominent citizens of the specified town to converge in the center of the bank a few minutes before I came in. The three of them (a distinguished statesman, a famous doctor, and a respected minister) pretended to meet there by accident. Their carefully

prepared conversation then proceeded as follows:

DOCTOR: Gentlemen, I understand that today this bank is going to be honored by a visit from none other than (raising his voice) Norman R. Jaffray!

MINISTER: What! Not Norman R. Jaffray of 162 Glenbrook Road, Stamford, Connecticut!

DOCTOR (consulting his notes): The very same.

STATESMAN: Is it true, as so many people say, that he is of light complexion, has narrow eyebrows, a drooping chin, and a loose mouth, and is slightly graying at the temples?

DOCTOR (nodding): Quite so.

MINISTER: Five feet two.

STATESMAN: Eyes of blue.

DOCTOR: Doo dee doo, dee doo-dee doo!

ALL: Has anybody seen Mr. Jaffray?

(They dance for a while, then quiet down. Several clerks look around.)

DOCTOR: And he's got curly hair.

STATESMAN (doubtfully): I never cared for curly hair.

MINISTER (triumphantly): But he's got curly hair.

ALL: So that's my weakness now!

(At this point I entered, attired in a natty cutaway and silk hat.)

N. R. J.: Hello, boys.

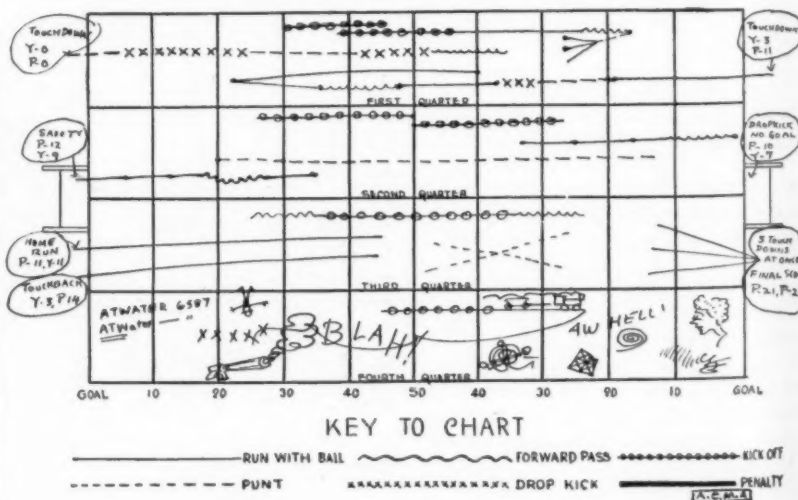
ALL: Good morning, Mr. (loudly) Jaffray!

N. R. J.: I've just stepped in for a moment to cash a money order. A small matter of (yawning) ten thousand dollars.

ALL: Ten thousand dollars! That's a lot of money.

N. R. J. (dubiously): I don't suppose anybody would know me here. (Looks

The Yale-Princeton Game as Charted from the Radio Broadcast





ONE ADVANTAGE OF THE RADIO

Gladys Mae, Aged Nine, Is Invited (by her Mother) to Sing a Duet With John McCormack

about. Six different people, of all walks of life, raise their hats and bow.)

MINISTER: Sure they'll know you.

STATESMAN: Why, everybody knows you, Mr. Jaffray!

(A floral horseshoe, inscribed "To Norman R. Jaffray," is brought in at this point by a messenger. Outside the bank, a band bursts into music.)

DOCTOR: Just go up to the first window and tell them who you are.

N. R. J.: Oh, all right. (Goes over to the nearest clerk and smiles shyly.) Good morning. I am Charles Lindbergh.

CLERK (smiling): Oh, no, you're not.

N. R. J. (winking slyly): Sure I am.

CLERK (enjoying the joke hugely): You can't fool us, Mr. Jaffray! We know you!

N. R. J. (taken aback): Well, this is a pleasant surprise. I was afraid I would have difficulty identifying myself. You see, I have a rather large check to cash—ten thousand dollars, in fact.

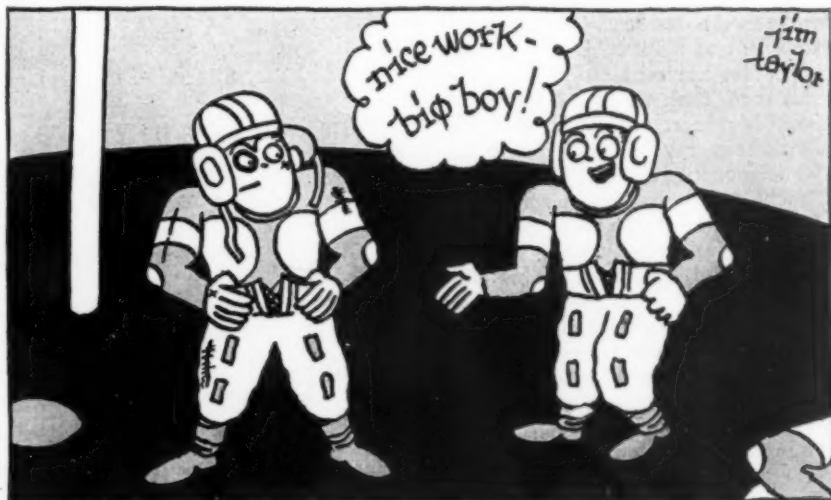
CLERK (not even bothering to look at the indorsement): Here you are, sir! (And without further delay he pushes the required amount over the counter.)

It sounds easy, doesn't it? But as a matter of fact, the whole thing is a dirty

lie. I never had ten thousand dollars in my life. And the last time I tried to kid the clerk while cashing a check for \$4.50, I got kicked out of the bank.

INFINITE VARIETY

"You call on a different girl every night, don't you?"
"I'll say she is."



SOCIAL FUMBLE

The Gentleman Who Has Just Battered and Bruised His Way Eighteen Yards to a Touch-down Is Congratulated by His Team-mate, Who Was Offside



SKIPPY'S LETTERS

by
Percy L.
Crosby

DEAR SOOKY:

Last night I was just about to go to bed when I saw Pop playin quito with his smoke rings an I knew he didn't have nothin on his mind cause there's no talk about mortgages any more. Since he got an office by himself he goes down on the 9:34. It's causin a lot of talk, him bein a boss now.

When I see him whiffin smoke so free an easy, I knew the time come to show him the report card. Oh, if they was only laws to make teachers write in pencil what a ball of taffy we'd be livin on. I handed him the card an got to dustin off his coat. Then we batted out the old silence. My heart got tickin so loud I couldn't catch my breath. Somethin had to be done or I'll yell "Fire!"

"Sooky's the only friend I got!"

I looked to see if the walls said it, but the mirror give me away.

Pop pinkyed the ashes off his cigar, took a long puff an bupped out smoke rings. When he threw his head back, the look in his face made me feel I was balancin the sky on a pompadour. "Why Sooky?" he asks.

"Cause I feel it," I told him.

"Suppose I told you he wasn't," Pop says.

"I never would listen to anybody slittin Sooky up the back cause he's my friend—I just know it," I says.

"I would rather hear those words," says Pop, "than gaze at the impossible—

a perfect report card." He fanned me with it to bring me to, I guess. He wipes the dew off his glasses an looks me straight in the eye—so straight that I could feel he knew I needed a haircut behind me. He begins flippin over the big book in his lap an says:

"Once upon a time there was a great Prince, who was very sad because he felt sorry for all the people that had to work and never got anything for it. He loved

both men and animals an got to wonderin why there was so much sorrow in the world. Well, son, one night this Prince left all his wealth and went far away into the woods and there he thought and thought—"

"Didn't he call up the office or anythin to say he wouldn't be in?" I asks. But Pop says: "A Prince don't have an office!" I was wonderin if he wasn't scared to be in the woods all by himself with spiders an lions all around maybe, but Pop says, "No—he was tryin to figure out the best way to help everybody." Then he looked at me sharp. "Even little boys who don't get good marks on their report cards." I asked him if the Prince had a little boy, an he said, "Yes." So that settled the report card question.

"How long did this man think?" I asked, an Pop said, "For days an days, an then one day he solved a great big arithmetic problem." I said, "He didn't copy from anybody, did he?" An Pop says: "No! Smart men don't copy." An he looked at me again an I wished I hadn't made the crack.

"Where did this man come from, Pop?" I asked. "He came from the East," says Pop. "As far over as Second Avenue?" I said. "Oh, farther than that." "Avenue A?" I says. Pop patted me on the back an said, "You're getting warmer. Now if I tell you he came from way over the sea—over a long stretch of water, would you know where the East is?"

An right like that, I says, "Yes—Astoria!"

"Well, no matter," Pop says, "Astoria



THE REASON

"To what do you attribute your long life?"

"Among other things, to the fact that the sheriff still don't know who shot Jim Williams."

or India, this man was right. His name was Buddha an he believed that every man carried a bit of Heaven in him an when he gave it to the world it came back in friendship."

He kept talkin an talkin an the next thing I knew he was undressin me an helpin me get into my pajamas. He showed me the half-Nelson again too. Then he looks at me kinda steady an says: "Remember that prayer, 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild'—" an I got red in the face an said, "Oh, *that* was a long time ago—I say different prayers now." He grabbed me by the hand an said, "A regular guy never gets too old for that prayer." So I said it for him.

Then he hooks me on the chin an presses his knuckles against my jaw an says, "You'll be a regular guy or you'll get *that*!" So I comes back with a right hook an says: "An you'll be a regular guy, Pop, or you'll get *that*!"

Sometimes, Sook, I feel awful sorry that you ain't got an old man. What's the difference—you can have mine when him an me ain't speakin'.

Affectionately sincere,

Skippy

ANOTHER national election is over and the American people must now go back to the tabloids for their scandal.



"Drubble iss, pipple doan' trus' us N' Yorkuss acause dey doan' unnerstan' us!"

A Private Secretary Applies for a Position

PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER: Whom did you work for last?

SECRETARY: Mr. J. A. Ginskoff.

PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER: Jake Ginskoff, eh? Tell me, does he practice putting in his private office?

SECRETARY: Yes, sir.

PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER: I thought so. And did he ever play poker there so that

his wife would suspect nothing when she phoned him at his place of business?

SECRETARY: Pardon me, but I came to ask for a job.

PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER: I know. Do you by any chance remember the number he gave when he called his bootlegger?

SECRETARY: I do. But I have no—

PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER: All right. Don't get indignant. You're working for me now. Hang up your coat and get me Jake's bootlegger.

Bill Sykes.



THE MULTIPARTY LINE

SPORTS



Schedules

by
John
Kieran

At a gathering of football people in New York earlier in the season, somebody passed around some pale blue booklets entitled: "1928 Football Schedules from Coast to Coast. Compliments of the Acorn Press. Omaha, Nebr." It is an established fact that a football fan will read anything on football, even including "A Report of the Rules Committee with Regard to the Question of the Ball Rolling into the End Zone and Causatory Impetus Thereof. See Rules XIV, XV, XVII, all sections, *et seq.*"

So they read these pale blue booklets and scrutinized the schedules. In some parts there was interesting reading. Under "University of Wyoming," for instance, the first item was: "Sept. 22: Spearfish at Laramie." Investigation proved that it was a football game, after all, and not, as was hastily suspected, either a misprint or a date to go fishing.

A bit farther down there was an item in the schedule of the Haskell Indians, to wit: "Oct. 20—Open. Score last year between same opponents: 13-0." That left the matter somewhat in the air, if not open at both ends. It seemed to indicate that, though Haskell had won last year, the Open eleven was eager to come back for more. As the captain of the team expressed it, "I'd die for dear old Open!"

The Holy Cross schedule included a

game with Fordham on Oct. 20 but the Fordham schedule included the notice: "Oct. 20—Pending." Possibly Holy Cross wired "The Acorn Press" that the game was to be played but kept the secret from Fordham as long as possible. As things turned out, Holy Cross didn't keep the secret long enough, because Fordham heard about it in time to keep the engagement and depart from Worcester with the long end of the score and all the loose change of the students of Holy Cross.

But observation of the more important and more accurate items in the little blue booklets leads one to ponder on the obvious lopsidedness of some schedules. Take Notre Dame (I don't mean the way Georgia Tech "took" Notre Dame—but just for instance). The Rockne Rovers have a (partly used) 1928 schedule that calls for only three games at home in dear old South Bend and six games on foreign fields.

The Yale, Harvard and N. Y. U. schedules are mentioned because they are so different. These Alice-Sit-by-the-Fires each play only one game away from home all season. With N. Y. U. this may be just an accident but with Yale it is a policy and with Harvard it is a conviction. The effort to keep collegians (football players included) on their own campus all season is thoroughly laudable, but suppose all colleges pursued the same open-hearted and liberal policy?

Well, Bill Bingham, Director of Athletics at Harvard, supposed this very thing, and did his supposing before the sacred pundits at Cambridge, too. He said out loud that it was discourteous and not altogether sporting to insist on playing in your own backyard all the time. He couldn't see why Harvard couldn't play at Dart-



UNDER THE PERMANENT WAVES
Showing How the Mermaids Get
Their Curls

mouth if Dartmouth was obliging enough to play at Harvard. The Crimson pursues that fair policy in all other sports; in baseball, basketball, hockey and such games. But in football the attitude is: Come to Cambridge or you can't meet Harvard.

However, this may be barking up the wrong tree. Few big college football teams have objected to going to Cambridge in recent years. After colliding with other elevens, it was such a pleasure to meet Harvard.

Companionate

WHEN I was married to Eugene
We lived in Sullivan's Addition.
He wouldn't bother, what I mean,
With social stuff, or good position.
So me, I up and left him flat;
I like nice things, and all like that!

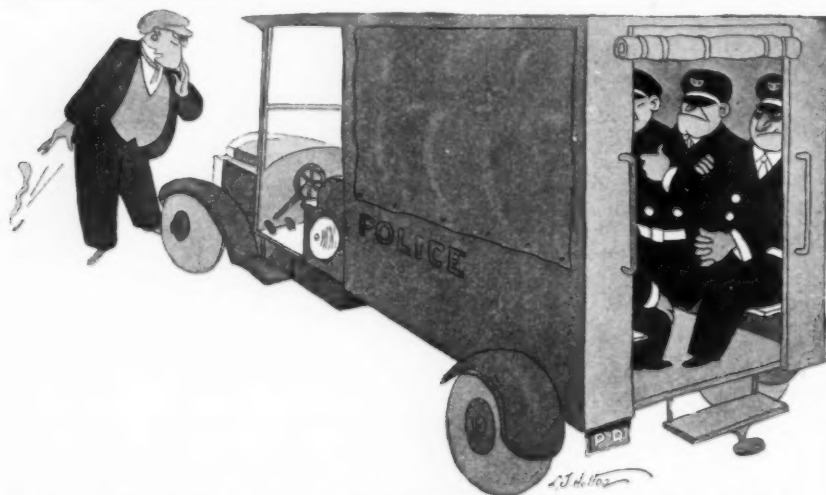
And, gee! You'd ought to see me now!
My Bob is sure a willing spender.
He travels with the Class, and how!
And ev'ry night—another bender!
Why, say! With what I blow on Bob,
I've had to get a better job.

A. M. S.

INVENTOR (to capitalist): This, sir, is an epoch-making machine.

CAPITALIST: Is it? Then let me see it make an epoch.

THE SECRET of the modern flapper, in five words: It's all done by mirrors.



AUTO THIEF: Ah! This is just the kind of truck I've been looking for.

MRS. PEP'S DIARY



by
Baird
Leonard

OCTOBER 23—Tossing early on my cot, vexed with my husband for sleeping so soundly and sonorously when I could not get a wink, so pondered this and that, in especial where Sam would live should I die, and why a pound of caviar always seems smaller than a pound of anything else, until it was time for my breakfast and the nurse did come to give me my treatment, and during the course of our talk she did use the word "tautological" and reduce "different" to its original Latin, which caused me to think that mayhap she was like the poor old schoolteacher in "War Among Ladies" who found, after a stormy and profitless career in pedagogy, great satisfaction in being a parlormaid. This afternoon to see "Strange Interlude," and it did strike me as odd that the leading woman should have worried so much about insanity in her husband's family when she herself was as neurotic as they come, and I did say so to Louise Black, my hostess, who replied that a doctor had told her we should never speak about neuroses in another without first getting a clean bill for ourselves, and it is probably the truth. Joining Clara Cady and Florence Witherspoon in the dinner interval, we all to a public, where I could have nought but an oyster stew, but the others did well in Philadelphia pepperpot, chicken casserole with noodles, broccoli and raspberry ice. So back to the play, amused to find a slight odor of gin pervading the audience and also that the three young men behind us did not return.

OCTOBER 24—An unexpected package arriving early which I was all a-twitter to open, and it was a great Sheffield tray from Samuel, sent to me out of a clear sky, which I do think is the ideal source of a present. So, very happy, to an inn to call on Georgie Richardson, here from Chicago, and she did tell me how, when she was driving in from Wheaton the other night in her father's car, which has a canvas-covered baggage rack atop it, she was suddenly stopped by five bandits, one placing his gun against the chauffeur's temple and the other four leveling their weapons at her, and how the young man with her had bade her be calm with his



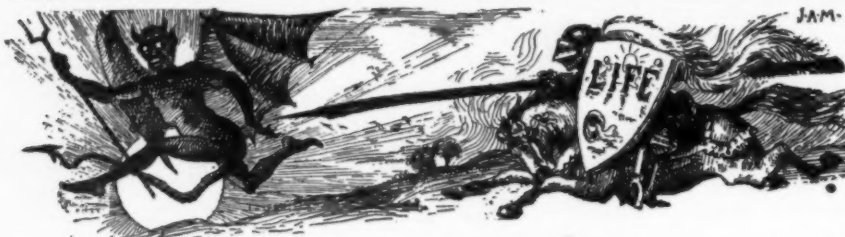
"The idea! Has that woman no shame?"

own teeth fairly chattering in his head, and how when it had been ascertained that there was no liquor in either the car or rack, the gunmen had instantly withdrawn, the youngest one saying, as he closed the door, "I'm sorry, lady!" Lord! had such a thing happened to me, I should not be alive to tell the tale, but apparently such things are so a matter of course to the poor Chicagoans that Georgie's daughter Bluford, hearing the news over the telephone whilst she was at dinner in Detroit, forgot even to mention it until after the coffee had been served. Home betimes to take my rest, reading in the journals of the death of George Barr McCutcheon, and the news did mind me of a Christmas day when I was very young and

a youthful suitor did bring me a copy of "The Sherrods," and how his mother had later told mine that he had driven her well-nigh to distraction getting her to put what he considered the proper twist to the wide red ribbon which bound it. This night to see "Earl Carroll's Vanities," a lively and colorful show, buying afterwards a record of "Once in a Lifetime Someone Comes Along," playing it when we reached home until Sam was fearful that the neighbors might take action.

HIGHLY IMPROBABLE FABLE

ONCE upon a time a candidate went out the day after election and took down all his campaign signs and cards.



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

VOLUME 92

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CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, *Editor*
LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary-Treasurer*



ONE of the points in which this felicitous republic is superior to the effete Old World is that the Europeans, as a general rule, hold their elections whenever they get heated up about some particular question; so that the election answers that question either Yes or No, and somebody is bound to be disappointed. We hold our elections at fixed intervals, and whatever topics happen to be exciting various sections of the country or classes of the population at the moment become the issues. Once in a long while a single question comes to overshadow the rest, as did free silver in 1896; but as a rule the issues are so jumbled that no matter how the election comes out, you can always hold that the people voted Yes on whatever question lies nearest your heart. Happy is the nation in which everybody can win; or in which thinking you have won is, for the time being, as good as winning.

One issue that was bound to be affirmed this year, whoever won, was the maintenance of prosperity; the parties laid a somewhat different emphasis on it, but they were both for it. That was natural enough; what might have surprised the foreign observer was the amount of lung power expended on impressing the voters that they were both for it. It might have been taken for granted that no party would want to shove the country downhill toward ruin. And the foreigner might have been surprised still more if he had taken a close look at this prosperity whose maintenance was so important. He would have found it generally admitted that the farmers are not prosperous; he would have heard it asserted by the opposition, and conceded, though not very loudly, by the party in power, that a good many

people are out of work. This renowned prosperity, then, must reside principally in the industrial classes; the prosperous people are the American manufacturers.

And what do the American manufacturers say about it? The president of their National Association, a few days before election, estimated that forty per cent of the factories in the United States are operating at a loss. No wonder he commented that "America has never been confronted by so many grave problems and dangers as at this feverish moment." The foreign observer might have been excused for supposing that the main thing about prosperity was "Try and get it," not "Try and keep it." But the invincibly optimistic American spirit remains persuaded that the nation is prosperous, even if the people one knows are not.



THANKS to that same optimism, these statistics, even if accurate, are not quite so ominous as they sound. There has never been a time when a good many American factories were not operating at a loss in the hope that the loss might presently be turned to a profit; and thanks either to our virtues or our luck, or perhaps a combination of both, that hope has generally, in the long run, been justified.

But things are happening to American industry that have never happened before. On the whole, it has the home market pretty much to itself; our imports are mainly imports of raw materials. And the home market is sold up, gorged with about as much as it can hold. So (quoting, again, the President of the National Association of Manufacturers, whose opinion is presumably not only expert,

but as optimistic as the situation justifies) "of practically all commodities which America can produce it is producing regularly from fifteen to thirty per cent more than it has the capacity to consume, or dispose of profitably in other markets."

How have we managed, so far, to dispose of that surplus? As everybody knows, we have taken care of the overproduction of the present by selling it to the future, on the installment plan. We load ourselves with all that we want, and trust that some day we can pay for it. But when that some day comes we shall still be loading ourselves up with more commodities to be paid for in a still more distant future; and as the productivity of American industry increases the date of payment must be pushed farther and farther ahead. It takes a truly heroic optimism to believe that this sort of thing can be kept up forever. There must be a limit to the amount of goods we can actually consume; certainly there is a limit somewhere, in time and in capacity, to the ability to pay for them.

Two or three years ago, in the height of Coolidge prosperity, cheerful economists told us that the old theory of the business cycle, the inexorable alternation of good times and hard times, had been exploded; that we had discovered a magic formula that would keep good times going on forever. But that magic formula was only the increase of consumption on the deferred-payment plan to keep up with production; and if consumption reaches its limit, there is only one way to redress the balance. We must decrease production—work fewer hours; lay off men; ultimately, if need be, shut down factories. That means less money distributed as wages; which means defaulting on installment payments; which means a still further decrease in production, and so on. It looks as if that ole devil business cycle were still alive and kicking.



INDEED, the harder you look at our renowned prosperity, the more curious things you discover. An earnest citizen was lying awake the other night worrying about the way the world is going, and his inability to do anything about it. As his sleepless fancy wandered, he began to play with the notion of what he could do if he were gifted with omnipotence and enabled to perform any and every miracle that he thought the situation might require. It occurred to him that the worst thing in the world today is the



"Why, hello, Sergeant! I just stopped in to see if there's any mail for me."

prevalence of crimes of violence; and that as his first miracle he would ordain that whoever should attempt a killing or a robbery should be paralyzed in his tracks. That, he thought, would solve a good many problems. . . . Then he thought again.

And upon second thought, he perceived that if crimes of violence were abolished millions of policemen the world over would be thrown out of work; policemen and payroll guards, and watchmen, and the chauffeurs of armored cars would join the unemployed already clustered on the sidewalks. The textile trades, already depressed enough, would be depressed still further by the disappearance of the demand for uniform cloth; manufacturers of safes and vaults would be thrown into bankruptcy; arms manufacturers would feel the loss of the underworld trade and the disappearance of the demand for pistols from householders and business men in need of protection; and the majority of criminal lawyers would be compelled to devote to other callings talents adapted, as a rule, only to the practice of criminal law. And having reflected on the effect which such a tremendous dislocation would have on a business system already running pretty close to the margin of profit, this earnest citizen decided, as he turned over and went to sleep, that it

was just as well that he could perform no miracles. Without crime, he concluded, there could be no prosperity.

Perhaps there is something wrong with his reasoning; but there seems to be something wrong with pretty nearly all the reasoning that so excitedly goes on about the Great American Phenomenon.

Elmer Davis.

—Life Lines—

FOLLOWING the big games this week, a lot of our most prominent universities are certain to be in the market for some new goal posts.

NEWFOUNDLAND, thoroughbred, beautiful large male dog, age four months, price \$15, worth \$75; also female bull, sister to above dog, same age, five dollars. A-447 24097 —Toronto Telegram.

Did you say she was his sister?

THE SWEDISH GOVERNMENT has sent the chief of its liquor control system to this country to study Prohibition. Which, as we think it over, is one of the most delicate compliments yet paid to the efficiency of the American bootlegger.

"Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Chappell have returned

from abroad. He attended a nose and throat institute and she took vocal culture."—Indianapolis Medical Journal.

Most Americans go to Europe merely to get a good gargle.

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits—including the Notre Dame football team.

"RHEUMATISM—Mrs. A. S. Lohman, 54 E. 3d ave., will gladly tell anyone how she got rid of her rheumatism."

—Denver Post.

Will someone kindly drop a hat?

TEN whole days have passed since Election—but we have yet to see a collapse of our national prosperity, a reduction in the number of speakeasies, or a relieved farmer.

"Are more voters influenced by the elusive qualities of personality of the speaker than by profound discussion of the serious issues?" —Richmond News-Leader.

WELL, that's the way the election turned out.

In the movies just now it seems to be a survival of the It-est.



THE THEATRE



Harpo, Groucho, Chico, Zeppo and Karl

by
**Robert
Benchley**

If we were one, or all four, of the Marx Brothers we should be a little confused by the judgments passed on us by the two visiting British journalists now on the staff of the *N. Y. World*. Mr. St. John Ervine, exercising his unquestioned prerogatives as the guest of a free country, was not pleased with the new Marx show, "Animal Crackers." On the other hand, his countryman and colleague, Mr. William Bolitho, was so impressed by it that he wrote an appreciation in the same journal which must have thrown Die Gebrüder Marx into a panic of apprehension. We are afraid that from neither critic did they derive much practical help in their work.



MR. ERVINE had probably heard too much about how funny the Marx Brothers were, a fatal preparation for any critical viewing. Someone might have told him, however, that Zeppo Marx is not *supposed* to be funny and thus have saved him from being so upset by the discovery when he made it. It must be difficult, in dealing with so strange a tongue as American, to tell right off-hand whether an actor is supposed to be funny or not. We may also perhaps attribute a little of Mr. Ervine's coolness in the face of Groucho Marx's barrage of wise-cracks to a certain unfamiliarity with the words used. For, from Mr. Ervine's own genial attempts to be colloquial in the vulgate, we are quite sure that he couldn't have understood more than a third of Groucho's highly modern references. Chico Marx, in spite of having the answers in one of the most devastatingly mad scenes in modern drama, left Mr. Ervine neither one way nor another, and it was only Harpo, who speaks the universal language of pantomime (and lechery), who registered with the visiting commentator. All in all, pretty nearly a wasted evening for Mr. Ervine.

But even Mr. Ervine's disapproval must have been more comprehensible to the

Marx family than Mr. Bolitho's enthusiasm, for the latter understood them better than they probably understand themselves. As so often happens these days among earnest critics, deep and significant symbolisms were read into this harlequinade which, if generally accepted, would lower clowning to the level of a Channing Pollock morality drama. Harpo is, to Mr. Bolitho, "the simplest member to understand," and yet he is a "suppressed wish-complex." We wonder, or rather Mr. Bolitho wonders, "at the inviolable mutism he keeps proper to his extrahumanity, at his phantom tricks which belong to a largely incommunicable dream world." Harpo should know about this.

"Groucho," says Mr. Bolitho (and he may be right), "is at the same time less elemental and more complicated." We learn that he is the sublimation of the Jews' attitude toward life, "the exteriorization of this faithful power of laughing at themselves." The group, as a family, may possibly "immortalize themselves and become stock characters as enduring as the angel and the devil of the Talmudic legend." Of the two British opinions, we think we would rather have Mr. Ervine's condemnation. At least, he can plead ignorance of what it was all about.



THE MARX BROTHERS ought to be very easy to enjoy. We find it absurdly simple. In the first place, we know the language, which is a great help, and, in the second place, we don't stop to think whether we are laughing at Harpo's inviolable mutism or because he is just comical. When Groucho says to Chico: "You look like Emanuel Ravelli," and Chico says: "I am Emanuel Ravelli," and Groucho retorts: "No wonder you look like him. But I still insist there is a resemblance," we detect no symbolism of an oppressed Jewry, but rather a magnificently disordered mind which has come into its own. And in Chico's suggestion that, in order to see if the stolen painting is perhaps hidden in the house next

door they first *build* the house next door, we can find nothing which would qualify the brothers for participation in a Talmudic legend, but rather something which makes them a frantically transitory comet formation which we can proudly tell our grandchildren of having seen one night in 1928. For we doubt that the Marx Brothers have any successors.



ANOTHER production which we shall be proud to remember for our grandchildren is Hamilton MacFadden's "Gods of the Lightning," by Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson. In recounting in faithful detail the late Sacco-Vanzetti case, the authors and producers took a chance of incurring the displeasure of all law-abiding citizens who believe in letting the dead past bury its dead, especially if there happens to be any grounds for uneasiness concerning their death.

Having certain very strong personal feelings in the matter, we were afraid that it was these which caused us to thrill at "Gods of the Lightning," and not anything inherent in the drama itself. But we found that even those members of the first audience who had watched the real case proceed with equanimity were stirred as they had seldom been stirred at any play, and the general sentiment, free from bias, was that something very stark and powerful had been added to our national theatre. The acting added to the impressiveness of the occasion but we could have wished that Miss Sylvia Sidney's hysterics at the final curtain might have been omitted. The stroke of twelve on August 22, 1927, was solemnly dramatic enough for any final curtain.

If the producers of "Gods of the Lightning" are intrepid enough to take it to Boston, we have a theatre-party all made up who would have a thoroughly uncomfortable time sitting through it. We doubt very much, however, that the august courts of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts would permit it to open. The Law must preserve its dignity. If it doesn't, who will?

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 26.

THE RADIO



The Sneering Section

by Agnes Smith

MAYBE, after all, the announcers of football games aren't entirely to blame. Maybe the little groups that gather around the radio these Saturday afternoons aren't what you would call a perfect audience. It can't be any fun describing a game to a group of enthusiasts who know more about football than Knute Rockne, Hurry-up Yost, Charles Crowley or Bill Roper. It can't be any great lark to report a game when you know that you are breaking the hearts of at least half your audience; and when you know that the listeners are un-



FARMER TWANKS BUILDS HIMSELF AN AIR-MAIL LETTER-BOX

der the delusion that you are making up the whole thing out of your head, and hold you responsible for every unsuccessful forward pass.

So here is why our home is turned into a madhouse every Saturday afternoon.

THE ANNOUNCER: Fourth down. One yard to gain. They're getting set for a kick.

THE CHEERING SECTION: Oh, the lily-livered shrimps! Only one yard to gain and they kick! At this stage of the game and with the score what it is. Why don't they try the line? They've been going through the line. Why can't they take a chance? Football isn't what it used to be. Too damned cautious. Too damned polite. Always playing safe. They just lie down without a fight, that's what they do. That's what the radio has done to football.

THE ANNOUNCER: They've fumbled the ball! Yes, Gibley of Acorn fumbled the ball on Acorn's nine-yard line. And about fifty Chestnut Tech men fell on it.

THE CHEERING SECTION: There! What did I tell you? That man McNamee is the greatest louse unhung. See that—he plays favorites! Well, it's all over now. The game is as good as lost. And this is the last time I'll listen to anything that McNamee broadcasts.

THE ANNOUNCER: Let's see what's happening now. They're taking out Number 77 and Number 22 is going in.

THE CHEERING SECTION: Listen to the fool! Say, you, out there! Nobody's been around this house selling programs. How do we know who Number 77 is? Why can't you tell us who is Number 22? You've got a program in front of you, you half-witted sap. Can't you read the names?

THE ANNOUNCER: The quarter's over. Now I'll let you listen to the music of the Army Band.

LEADER OF THE CHEERING SECTION: I'll turn to the Notre Dame game and see what's going on out there.

FEMININE VOICES: Can't we listen to the cadets play?

THE CHEERING SECTION: Shut up! We want to hear what's going on!

FEMININE VOICES: But the music is the best part of the game!

THE ANNOUNCER: There seems to be some sort of disturbance down on the field. Let's see what's going on. Oh, the cops are chasing a boy in a raccoon coat. The boy seems a little—ah—a little too full of spirit. He's trying to fight the cops.

THE CHEERING SECTION: The great big bums! Can't they let the kid have a good time? That's cops all over. Always pick-



"Boy, here's where I catch hell!"



"Why, Columbia, you are not leaving?"
 "I is, boss; dey tells me you is one of dem ghos' writers."

ing on someone half their size. Very brave, I must say. Seventy-five big, beefy cops chasing one poor little Freshman who isn't doing anything to anybody. This is getting to be a *fine* world, all right!

THE ANNOUNCER: One minute to play and I guess it is all over. The Grasshill boys put up a game fight, but they were outclassed all the time.

THE CHEERING SECTION: Yah! Is that so? What do you mean "outclassed"? That first touchdown was a fluke, wasn't it? There is some doubt whether it ought to count, isn't there? You said so at the time, didn't you? And that second touchdown was just a lucky break, wasn't it? Those were your very words, weren't they? At the time you said, "That was a lucky break." But now you're playing Mr. Know-It-All, Mr. I-Told-You-So. Do you know what kind of man you are? Well, you're the kind of man that kicks a fel-

low when he's down. Good afternoon to you! I hope you're in a train wreck on the way home.

THERE are several complaints that may legitimately be leveled against Graham McNamee. But we don't think he ought to be saddled with the entire responsibility for the fumbles and bonehead plays in the games that he reports.

The Big Business Man's Infant Sons Go into Conference

"J. W., what's your reaction to our new nurse?"

"Thumbs down, E. J."

"She doesn't seem to click."

"Check."

"There's no room in an organization like ours for a girl like that, J. W."

"Absolutely none. We want a nurse with vision."

"Keeping her on the payroll is an economic waste."

"Exactly, E. J."

"I understand she's supporting half a dozen brothers and sisters."

"We can't let sentiment interfere with sound, business-like judgment."

"She's a pretty little thing, though. I rather hate to see her dropped from our organization."

"Tell you what, E. J. We'll let her go Saturday, and I'll ask Mother if she can't give her part-time work wheeling me around for an hour or so each day."

"Like thunder you will, J. W.! I saw her first!"

Chet Johnson.

BROWN: I'm a self-made man.

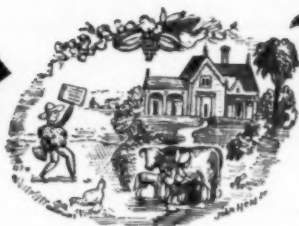
JONES: That's what comes of employing cheap labor.

A THOUGHT:

It is better to be something than to have something.

Home

A
Weekly Periodical



Life

For
Family People

WEATHER FORECAST:

Partly Cloudy.



Franklin P. Adams, Editor.



EDITORIAL

We cannot say that the election of the 6th inst. went exactly to our liking, but we never saw an election that did, nor yet an election that went just opposite to our desiderata. And yet we must admit that after the elections went the way we did not like them to go, things went on all right, or certainly no worse than usual. And when things went our way nothing very good happened, or certainly no better than usual.

So we've just about decided that the next time there's an election we won't care what happens and will refuse to get excited, because what's the difference anyway? Nevertheless, it is always the citizen's sacred privilege, nay duty, to take a lively interest in public affairs and vote, because if he neglects to do so, what will become of our vaunted representative government?

LOCAL NEWS



INDIANA

An optimist is a feller who says, "Ha, ha, we'll win th' next time."

Earl Derr Biggers, author o' "Seven Keys t' Baldpate," an' other successful novels, wuz a welcome caller at our office recently. Mr. Biggers, years ago when he wuz a copy reader fer th' Bobbs-Merrill Company, helped me t' assemble my first book, an' recalled durin' his visit that I remarked at th' completion o' th' job, "I hope t' — I at least git a blue serge suit out of it."



"JUST PUPS"

Let us not forget that, as this issue of HOME LIFE goes to press, the dog is man's best friend.

****"I don't believe I kin recall any other election where rum peddlers, Baptists, oil grafters, drunkards, charmin' hostesses, prohibitionists, tariff reformers, beer czars, Methodists, union men, burglars, magnates, home brewers, an' reformers, all got t'gether on th' same candidate.

✧ All th' tricks o' politics, th' speeches, th' perades, th' whispered stories, th' prosperity bunk, brass bands, flag wavin' an' promises, are designed t' sway th' ignorant, an' I believe th' Republican party has th' edge when it comes t' designers.

***Lafe Bud has sold his brown derby t' a trombone player.

***Meredith Nicholson, author o' "Th' Cavalier o' Tennessee," Elmer Davis, author o' "Giant Killer," an' McCready Huston, author o' "Dear Senator," supposed t' be th' low-down on Indianny politics, all famous Hoosiers, visited th' Halle Book Fair at Cleveland, last week, an' called on th' trade.

***Ye correspondent has dedicated his new book, "Barbed Wire," t' th' farmer "who's up agin ever'thing but th' gout."

***Editor Cale Fluhart, o' th' Weekly Sliphorn, who took t' his

bed worryin' o'er th' significance o' th' heavy registration, wuz able t' worry down an egg t'day.

Abe Martin.

SPOKANE

MERCHANTS say the farmers hereabouts are buying bigger victrolas and louder radios than ever before. They say they never knew an election to have such quick results.

***R. C. Dillingham has retired from the paint business, having managed to save a little of the root of all evil while he was saving the surface.

✧ The police force has had another shakeup, but looks about the same.

***As after every election, to the victors belong the spoils, but there is some complaint among the boys of an acute spoils shortage.

***Lester Livengood, of the Taxpayers' Economy League, after telling the city, county and school board fathers how much they could spend next year, went and got married. He sends word that he is still for economy, however.

***Wilbur Greenough is going to move his grocery store nearer to where the customers are,

also to a place where the ladies can park their town cars while they are pricing prunes.

Stoddard King.

PHILADELPHIA

DON'T send out of town for mince meat ingredients. Buy from our local merchants and bootleggers where you are known.

✧ A man who had been summoned for jury duty walked into a local theater here recently thinking it was the court house, only to discover that it was a theater done over to look like a court house for a play about a murder trial. What won't they do next?

***Miss Suzanne Burke of our town, and James M. Neville, writing partner of the noted writer, Glenna Collett, have been eloping together recently.

***Miss Emma Muller of the George W. Childs School has started a band among her pupils, they using blocks for instruments, she playing the piano. A wash boiler and a derby hat is all that's needed to make the orchestra complete.

✧ Wedding bells will ring soon for Miss Eliza Atlee Woolston, of these parts, and Mr. Sidney Sayre Quarrier, Short Hills, N. J., he having presented her with a beautiful ring between classes at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Mr. Quarrier intends to be a doctor.

John Forbes.

SAN FRANCISCO

"WELL," says Town Marshal Dan O'Brien, proudly, "Halloween has come and gone again and the Golden Gate still is where it always was."

***Pete Bernhard, the Ferry Bldg. tonsorialist, had a swell edge on his razor Monday, all were agreed, but some thought his dope on the election was terrible.

✧ Nights are getting so chilly that some of our young ladies have taken to wearing their heavy chifon stockings again, according to reports from street car starters at Powell and Market Sts., who generally know.

***Highest honors at the Bohemian Club orchestra rehearsal

this week went to Nels Kinnell, the So. Pac. asst. passgr. agt., who piloted his viola across the finish of "Poet & Peasant" overture two bars ahead of his nearest contender.

✱ Maj. Gen. Hunter Liggett taught his horse to shy gracefully so he could be grand marshal of the Armistice Day parade in traditional manner.

***Mr. Kebuchi has come and gone, He is our new ambassador from Nippon. See if you can write sweller poetry than that, Mr. F. P. A.!

Chet Johnson.

CLEVELAND

MR. AND MRS. JOHN W. RAPER have returned home from New Mexico where they spent two months with Mr. and Mrs. John W. Miller, the latter having formerly been née Dorothy Raper. "Jack" is looking fine and will return with new vigor to his job of writing witty cracks for our local evening paper, the *Press*.

✱ A prominent Cleveland lady who would not like it if we told her name refused to run for political office this fall, and they are telling it around that it was because she had heard that politics makes strange bedfellows.

***Football is the order of the day and many of our citizens spend all of Saturday afternoon listening to the games. This is not the best way to encourage this manly sport as our boys need money to pay for coaches, etc.

***The "Community Fund" for this year is now under way and Chairman Adams guarantees that no man, woman or child shall suffer for food, clothing or shelter if his, her or its needs become known to the Fund. So there are two ways to get through the winter, viz., give your money and apply for aid, or keep your money and live on it.

Ted Robinson.

PORTLAND, ORE.

WITH wassail and song and other signs of merriment our distinguished white-coal purveyor, Lewis A. McArthur, is welcomed home from Lunnon, where he traded some valuable pointers on electric power development for the very latest in English accents.

✱ Among our popular citizens who have taken HOME LIFE's tip to do their Christmas shopping early is A. J. Lewthwaite, the well known paper manufacturer. Mr. Lewthwaite has just laid in his winter's supply of Lincoln limousines.

***Through the high-handed refusal of our overweening election officials in refusing to take HOME LIFE's advice to put the voting booth on the Waverley golf links, some of our best citizens were robbed of their inalienable privilege of voting. Drake O'Reilly, Allen Peel, Howard Holland and others of our outraged citizens join with ye editor in asking how long must we endure this sort of thing.

✱ Ye old grads at the University Club have insured themselves another year of good health by electing to the presidency Dr. Edmond J. Labbe, who succeeds Dr. Calvin S. White, with Dr. Andy Hall continuing as vice-president. Good eats and low insurance rates is the new motto of the club.

Hugh Hume.

BOSTON

SEVERAL local goosebone weather prophets declare we are in for a very cold winter. This is good news to our poor people as they will be able to freeze their own ice cubes without owning electric refrigerators.

***Rogers Hornsby, who had a \$40,000-a-year position at Braves Field this year, has taken a new job in Chicago, he being tired of being a good loser.

***Al Sheehan, the pop. mgr. of the Tremont Theater, punctured a myth this week. Al says he has had many a house sold out in the last 30 yrs., but never hung out an S. R. O. sign. In fact, he never

heard of a theater that had an S. R. O. sign and he wouldn't even know where to get one painted. This shows you can't believe the dramatic critics.

✱ The Lindsays of West Newton had a house-warming the other night and if you think it consisted of just turning on the automatic heater you're mistaken.

***A young couple in Milton started housekeeping last week without thinking they got their furniture at the wholesale price.

Neal O'Hara.

CHICAGO

THERE's some talk of a football game here Saturday.

***Art Meeker, Jr., is showing the readers of the *Herald* and *Examiner* how to break into Chicago society and it looks like an inside job.

✱ Ye scr. rec'd a swell comp. the other eve. from Margalo Gillmore, the prom. young inge. of the Theater Guild, Marg saying that F. P. A. and we were her favorite reporters, and any time that girl wants a good notice for any part she plays in these parts she knows where to get it.

***No sooner do we complete our payments on one edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* than we are invited to subscribe for another. What used to be the Rolls-Royce of reference works now seems to be changing models as often as Chrysler.

***Still speaking of uneasy

payments, if this town gets much bigger ye leg-weary ed. will have to subscribe for a motorcycle.

Ashton Stevens.

DETROIT

CARL SMITH was wearing a smile as broad as his face and sticking out past the sides yesterday. Who's been buying a big policy this time, Carl?

***Advance census estimates set our population at nearly 3,000,000 souls, of which about a million and a half already live here.

✱ Clarence Darrow, a lawyer from the Chicago neighborhood, is telling that he got a drink at a speakeasy the last time he was here, and he speaks very highly of Detroit. It is things like this that help put our little city on the map.

***Heston, Garrels, Blott, Kipke, Friedman, Gilbert and Oosterbaan are among the departed great now prominently mentioned as players whom it wouldn't hurt anything if they were on the Michigan football team right now.

***Homer Guck, lately mentioned in these columns, writes from San Francisco saying he is not in Detroit. He is in San Francisco.

Elmer C. Adams.

NEW YORK

✱ Practically all the leaves are denuded off the trees by now.

***Donald O. Stewart was a caller on Harpo Marx the other day.

***Ring Lardner of East Hampton is in town for the winter social season.

***There was a lot of talk last month about Indian Summer, but it is not due till this week.

✱ Seems like only yesterday the subway was too hot and now the snow removal problem is imminent.

***Miss Alice Babst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl D. Babst was introduced formally to N. Y. society last Tuesday. Earl is a Crestline, O., boy who now lives in N. Y.

***The Horse Show ended on Nov. 14. The horse is still something to see in spite of the popularity of the automobile, only nobody got rich buying General Horses.

✱ Pres. Angell of Yale is feeling pretty bad about how the Michigan football team did this season, Jimmy being an old Ann Arbor football player himself, as well as baseball and tennis player.

F. P. A.

The Week



- SUN., Nov. 18th** —LORD'S DAY. Not much excitement today, due to ministers resting up after election, voters catching up on their golf, etc.
- MON., Nov. 19th** —Charles I, of England, born 1600, later beheaded.
- TUES., Nov. 20th** —Coaches of defeated teams issue statements saying, "Watch us next Saturday."
- WED., Nov. 21st** —One month from today is year's shortest day.
- THU., Nov. 22nd** —Pres. Coolidge decides to proclaim next Thursday "Thanksgiving," this being his last chance to do so.
- FRI., Nov. 23rd** —Final "pep rallies" by hopeful undergraduates.
- SAT., Nov. 24th** —Yale vs. Harvard, Army vs. Nebraska, California vs. Stanford, Princeton vs. Navy, Carnegie Tech vs. N. Y. U., Illinois vs. Ohio State, Northwestern vs. Dartmouth.



"What you doin' 'way over here on the Avenue, Mae?
"Oh, just window-shopping, dearie."

WOMAN'S eternal hunt is for something that doesn't look too much like what everybody is wearing and yet doesn't look too much like what nobody is wearing.

"Now that the new jail is completed and the churches are being given our attention we can certainly state that Fryburg is becoming more and more attractive as a place to live in."

—Millcreek Valley News (Lockland, Ohio).
How about the speakeasy situation?

Gridiron Glimpses

The Coach

BEHOLD the Famous Football Coach,
Whose tactics are beyond reproach,
Whose massive brain conceives the
schemes

That rout the opposition teams.
His word is law, his law goes far,
His power equals king or czar!
Your pedagogue of Greek or Math
Regards the coach with righteous wrath.
"He gets ten thousand bucks a year,"
Laments the prof and sheds a tear,
"While I, with brains that bulge my hat,
Receive about one-third of that!"

The Sweet Young Thing

A SWEET YOUNG THING in coat of mink,
With sparkling eyes and cheeks of pink,
Beholds the game with John or Jim
And coyly nestles close to him.
She lifts her voice at times to shout
But knows not what it's all about—
Which matters not at all to her,
Resplendent kitten swathed in fur.
She only goes ('tween me and you)
Because it is the thing to do,
And Débutantes Who Really Matter
Must have a "line" of football chatter!

Arthur L. Lippmann.



THE FOOTBALL COACH WHO FORMERLY TRAINED RACE-HORSES WARMS UP A FIRST-STRING QUARTERBACK

THE MAIN STEM



by
Walter
Winchell

DEAR PAL WILLARD:

Give you a word portrait of Broadway? Good heavens, man—have a heart! If you mean drawing a picture of the way the old Stem looked when you were here alcoholidaying and how it looks now, that should be a cinch, because the only thing that changes on Broadway, Willard, is a woman's mind. Come to think of it, the *Times* Building has added a huge red-lighted torch to its roof—a beacon for planes, they say. The Chinatown buses and the Coney Island wagons still clutter up traffic by parking on the world's busiest corners. That guy with the limp expression still peddles the *Matrimonial*

News in front of the Paramount cathedral and the Woman with the Skirts Away Down to Here still is trying to get somebody to buy a copy of the *Birth Control Review*.

The bird with the silk hat, the Vanddyke alfalfa and the dress suit still ankles up and down with his electric-lit stiff shirt-front advertising a certain seegar. The out-of-town news-stands in the rear of the *Times* Building and the one at 47th Street still do a handsome trade and Rosie, the mad woman of Longacre, growls at her tormentors as she drags her shawl-wrapped form and basket of chocolates and gum in and out of Forty-so-forth Street.

The plump person, known to all newsboys as "Bum," makes the rounds shooing away strange newsboys who try to peddle their papers in His Kingdom. I understand he rates a percentage from all the kids he permits in the vicinity. What a racket! Dinty Moore's is where the mob still goes for its corned beef and cabbage. The Tavern on 48th Street attracts the wise mob and the moom pitcher celebs



"Mister, could you let me have a little dirt for my flower pot?"

who visit here. Lindy's, near 50th, now features a brand of lemon meringue pie that is simply grand. The type of electric sign that keeps moving seems to be a favorite with most B'way advertisers. And O. O. McIntyre almost got run over again for not looking where he was going.

The numerous Chinese restaurants are getting in everybody's hair. The electric sign reading, "New York Welcomes You!" is sidetracked west of 43rd Street in back of a building. The only tree in the sector still is in the yard of a 46th Street speakeasy. Women's skirts are getting as high as Tunney's hat. It takes forty minutes to get from Fifth Avenue to any theater near Broadway at curtain time. The red trolleys still kiss the green ones goodbye at 46th Street. The Paramount clock still is a waste of time, but the new lighted time-teller at the peak of Longacre, which flashes the minute every minute with numerals, is plenty reliable.

Childs' is getting fancier as you go uptown. Dopes and others still clog the pavement near 43rd Street watching them juggle flapjacks and the Lucky Strike exhibition at 45th Street on the west side of the Stem ties up more pedestrian traffic than anything else in the town. The most fascinating diversion along the blazing belt, to me, still is the series of news photos that are featured and changed daily in front of Loew's New York Theater. There you keep posted on what Babe Ruth did to those St. Looey lads; what the Queen of Soandso looked like as she boarded the cutter in India, or how Hoover appeared at Madison Square Garden.

So, you see, Willard, old timer, Broadway looks very much as it did when you came here last to do your whoopeeing. Perhaps the only new things around are



"My Gawd, Mayme—lookit—tha book's out already an' tha show only opened a coupla weeks ago."

the new battalions of eyefuls selected by Ziegfeld for his new show, and they are all adorable. You might tell the family that I have gone for them in a big way. But what floored me was discovering that nine-tenths of the new crop of dream-eyed merry magdalens are not from New York! Imagine that, Willard. Most of them, it appears, hail from Dallas, Boston, Peoria, Bellingham, Troy, Camden, Pittsburgh, South Bend and Paducah. I think I'd like to see the country, then.

And I don't know who said it, but they are describing a Broadway phony as a shiftless man who lives by the sweat of his frau, which is just as amusing as Sidney Skolsky's quip: "Clara Bow certainly was a good kid when she had it!"

THE FASHIONABLE SHADE

STOCKING COUNTER CLERK (to man customer): Silk stockings? Yes, sir. What shade, sir?

THE CUSTOMER: Nude, to match my wife.

One of Life's Little Tragedies

The Husband Whose Intellectual Development Failed to Keep Pace with His Wife's

"You know, Hector, I heard Wurstin Greef read some of his new verse today, and I cannot help thinking, with some of the moderns, that trees are, after all, superior to people!"

"Mph!"

"Their lacy branches flung against a wintry sky—pure beauty—astounding loveliness! Yet how seldom does one find beauty among humans! Ugh! The ugliness, the pettiness that smothers us! Trees are, it seems to me, so much more worth while."

"Oh—yeh?"

"And, after all, the things we strive for—what are they? Mere illusions—and is there anything so impermanent, so transitory, as an illusion?"

"Search me!"

"Emptiness! The mere shell of life! . . . Don't you sometimes feel, Hector,

that you are a mere husk covering an infinite variety of slow decay?"

"Sure."

"Sometimes I am all one bitterness—one futility—one frustration! If I could only escape it all! If I could die!"

"Say, listen, would a little check for one grand make you feel any better? I sold a coupla hundred cases today."

"Ooooo! You ole peach! Mama give Papa the greatest ole hug!"

Heman Fay, Jr.

SETTING 'EM UP

MOTHER: What do you think, children—your father has ordered a new automobile.

CHILDREN (in chorus): I want to bust the first fender!

ADD SIMILES: "As furtive as a man setting a ninety-eight-cent watch by the chronometer in the window of a Fifth Avenue jeweler."



THE ANTIQUE

"Yeh, sure. You can just turn 'er loose in yer medders and she'll give yer place a kind of meedy-evil pitcheresque sort of a look."

THE MOVIES



"The Home Towners"

by
R. E.
Sherwood

IN "The Home Towners" is advanced the novel theory that the residents of South Bend, Indiana, are not necessarily any nobler or more virtuous than the inhabitants of that sinful metropolis, New York.

The hero of the story is a South Bender who goes East and becomes engaged to a New York girl. Just before the wedding, he sends for an old friend from the home town to come and act as best man. This friend knows all about New York; he has read descriptions of it in O. O. McIntyre's column, and he has seen

representations of it in De Mille movies. So he is convinced that the smart and unscrupulous city folk are playing his pal for a sucker, and does everything he can to break up the wedding.

However, big-hearted New York is ultimately allowed to triumph over narrow-minded South Bend—this being the first time in the history of the screen that the punch-drunk island of Manhattan has been allowed to win the decision.

"THE HOME TOWNERS" is a hundred per cent. talkie, and it shows that dialogue written by George M. Cohan can sound natural and amusing even through the Vitaphone. Of course the pace is too slow, the cues are not picked up with sufficient alertness, the photography is woeful and there is far too little action; but the acting, by Robert McWade, Richard Bennett and Gladys Brockwell, is superlatively good.

I think this is unquestionably the best of the all-talking pictures to date; and, speaking as a native son of the metrop-

olis in question, I confess that I'm glad to see my own home town get a break at last.

"Varsity"

THERE is also an element of refreshing novelty in "Varsity," which is a college picture without a football game finale. The hero isn't a member of the varsity team, nor even a substitute, and he doesn't have to rush in and win for Old Nassau in the last minute of play.

He is just a fresh young sophomore, with a slight tendency toward alcohol, from which he is rescued by the quaint old janitor of one of the college buildings. This janitor takes a fatherly interest in the sophomore because the latter happens to be his son, although the boy doesn't know that. It is a new orchestration of the old but always effective "Unknown Parent" theme.

"Varsity" has a good idea behind it, but the development of that idea is not helped at all by the use of appallingly



PHONOFILMS INC.
TALKING PICTURES ONLY

THE NEW ANIMAL STARS IN HOLLYWOOD



"Were you in the car with Madam when the accident happened?"
"No, I'm only the man that was hit."

squawky sound effects and stupid dialogue. Here, obviously, is a case where the noise was tacked on after the picture was made, and it is done none too skillfully.

Chester Conklin gives a fine performance as the old janitor, being effective even in the talking sequences, but I advise young Charles Rogers to stick to the silent drama as long as there is any of it left. When Mr. Rogers attended the old Paramount School on Long Island the faculty at that select academy did not realize that the talkies were soon to arrive, and that it would be well for them to instruct their pupils in elocution.

THE EXTERIOR scenes of "Varsity" were made in and about Princeton University, but its story was written and directed by two Yale men, so perhaps there was some ulterior motive behind it all. I shall never forget what Donald Ogden Stewart, of Yale, did to "Brown of Harvard."

*A Confidential Guide to current movies
will be found on page 26.*

THE "ALSO-SPOKES"

SOME speak for money, some for love,
And some are just self-seekers;
But here's a toast to the gallant host
Who are known as "other speakers."

MRS. FLIM: Is your husband an upright, honest Christian man?

MRS. FLAM: Yes, indeed! You should see his collection of Gideon Bibles!

Little Rambles with Serious Thinkers

THE GREATEST trouble with youth is that it gets old.—*Clarence Darrow.*

Next to books give me a good solid, old-time American farmer.

—*Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.*

The Prohibition Amendment is the greatest step in progress taken by America since the freeing of the slaves.

—*Upton Sinclair.*

A fragrant breath adds immeasurably to one's personality.—*Bernarr Macfadden.*

Just a minor note here. In broadcasting both baseball and football for the last three or four years, I notice fewer women smoking in the stands. There was a period not so long ago, when women apparently were smoking as casually in public as men. I had been told that this was passing, particularly in the colleges, and this report is confirmed by this crowd here. My general observation is that undergraduate behavior generally is on the up-and-up.—*Graham McNamee.*

BOBBY: Button, button, who's got the button?

JIMMY: The laundryman.



MUSIC PUBLISHER: Where's that "Lonesome Blues" song you promised me?
BLUES COMPOSER: I dunno. Since my sweet baby left me I ain't been able to write nothin'.

READING MATTERS



by
Perry
Githens

THOSE canny—if unconventional—publishers, Messrs. Simon and Schuster, will be glad to know that they have just put forth one of those wonder books which are all things to all men. God forgive me if I encourage them in their nefarious business—give them an inch and they'll sell you a Trader Horn—but I must admit that "Departure," by Roland Dorgelès (translated by Pauline E. Rush), is as good a novel and as good a travel book as I have read since Alexander Woollcott retired.

And by the way, Alexander Woollcott has written a book too. It's called "Two Gentlemen and a Lady," and is *not* about one-half of the Marx Brothers and Mrs. Fiske. In fact, there isn't a word in it edgewise concerning an eager youth who wanted to be a dramatic critic. It's about dogs. Yes. Mr. Woollcott is getting sentimental. As George Jessel would say, he's ready to cry at card tricks. Besides

the dogs there is a parrot, a hoarse and despondent old parrot, with an insulting laugh, named *Mr. Benchley*, but he doesn't do much, and at best his performance is only adequate. Anyway, it's only a short book, and it will take but a moment of your time. There are many sketches by Edwina, whose pictures of troublesome puppies are well known to readers of LIFE. (Coward-McCann.)

But to return to "Departure"—and it's about time—the book itself is a departure from the usual. In the opening chapters, it proceeds at a safe, leisurely speed. You, yourself, become a passenger on a French liner bound for the Orient. You eat, drink, talk, walk the deck. You form acquaintances—and opinions. You go ashore at strange ports: Djibouti, Port Saïd, Colombo. Little by little you are drawn into the fortunes and misfortunes of your fellow passengers. The ship's company is a strange mixture of East and West. Chinese bankers and French opera singers, officers and tourists—everyone aboard becomes involved in a situation which moves imperceptibly onward to a tragic climax. "Departure" is the world in your pocket, an ocean voyage in an easy chair.

Ordinarily, a book like "Bullets and Bolos," by John R. White (*Century*), would be called, "My Thirteen Years in the Philippines" and would be duller than



CONCORD RESIDENT (as Paul Revere rides by): Those d—x!?!%* Harvard boys!!

those Colonels with drooping white mustaches who sit in club windows and say, "Haw!"

Colonel White, however, is not that kind of Colonel, and his adventures in the Philippine Constabulary are written with a sense of humor and proportion, which guarantees an evening well spent. Recommended to ex-soldiers and ice-box adventurers alike.

The Confidential Guide to current books will be found on page 30.



"Hey! You can't squeeze in them doors together!"
"Aw, shut up—ain't you ever been in love?"

Unnecessary—

SHE carries in her little purse
A compact and a hankie,
Some perfume and a lipstick in
The shade that, now, is swanky;
A key, a dozen snapshots and
A letter from a gent—
But when it comes to currency,
She carries not a cent!

She carries in her week-end bag
Two nighties—sheer and lacy—
She has a georgette negligee,
A bathing suit that's racy;
A chiffon combination, next,
Some stockings finely wrought,
But, coming down to actual facts,
Of clothes she carries nought.

She carries in her shingled head
The newest movie scandal,
A song hit, and the latest jokes
(A bit too warm to handle!)
A dozen tricky tango steps—
For these she has a flair . . .
But, do you know, I've never found
A single brain cell there!

Margaret E. Sangster.



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PERFUMER OF THE WORLD

and for women —

AN EXQUISITE ASSORTMENT OF HOLIDAY COFFRETS — \$3.50 TO \$175.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

The Theatre

More or Less Serious

The Common Sin, Forrest—Just what the sin in question is we did not gather, but somebody kills somebody else in the most approved Willard Mack manner.

Diamond Lil, Royale—Miss Mae West in one of her more exalted moods, but even at that—

An Enemy of the People, Hampden's—One of your few chances to see Walter Hampden in long trousers.

Exceeding Small, Comedy—A sad little play which is so well done that it is almost worth the heart-wrench of sitting through it.

Faust, Guild—Goethe without Gounod making a pretty dull act of it. Low tide for the Theatre Guild.

Gods of the Lightning, Little—Reviewed in this issue.

The Grey Fox, Playhouse—An elaborate staging of several of the more intriguing moments of Machiavelli's life. Henry Hull as the Fox himself and Chrystal Herte as the persistent Lady.

Jarnegan, Longacre—Hollywood put in its place, with much hollering and cursing by Richard Bennett.

Jealousy, Maxine Elliott's—Fay Bainter and John Halliday proving that good acting on the part of two people can carry a play.

The Kingdom of God, Ethel Barrymore—The first offering by Miss Barrymore in her new theatre. To be reviewed later.

Machinal, Plymouth—Episodes in the life of a jumpy wife leading to the electric chair. Well-handled tragedy.

A Man With Red Hair, Garrick—The Hugh Walpole book made into a melodrama. To be reviewed later.

Revolts, Vanderbilt—To be reviewed later.

Strange Interlude, John Golden—Still selling out, thereby proving that the public does not have to be amused.

Sun Up, Lucille LaVerne—You must guess who is in this revival of the successful drama of mountaineer life.

These Days, Cort—To be reviewed later.

Tin Pan Alley, Biltmore—With Claudette Colbert, Norman Foster and others. To be reviewed next week.

Tonight at 12, Hudson—A new one by Owen Davis. To be reviewed later.

The Unknown Warrior, Charles Hopkins—Reviewed in this issue.

The War Song, National—George Jessel in good George Jessel stuff, including unwilling war-service.

Comedy and Things Like That

Courage, Ritz—There are too many stage-children in this to suit our taste, even though Janet Beecher is there, too.

Crashing Through, Republic—With Henrietta Crossman, Eleanor Woodruff and Albert Bruning. To be reviewed next week.

The Front Page, Times Square—An elegant rough-house, dealing with reporters, among other things.

Gentlemen of the Press, Forty-Eighth St.—Life in a newspaper office and what it leads to. Quietly effective.

Girl Trouble, Belmont—Pretty weak, in spite of Allan Dinehart.

The High Road, Fulton—Not one of Lonsdale's best but made to seem so by an excellent English company headed by Edna Best, Herbert Marshall and Frederick Kerr.

Hotbed, Klaw—To be reviewed later.

The Jealous Moon, Majestic—Jane Cowl in a play of her own. To be reviewed later.

Little Accident, Morosco—A very nice and amusing treatment of the subject of illegitimacy, helped along by a cast which includes Katherine Alexander and Thomas Mitchell.

Mr. Moneybags, Liberty—Spectacular allegory releasing the information, unearthed by Channing Pollock, that Money is at the Root of all Evil.

Night Hostess, Martin Beck—More dirty work in the Tenderloin. An off-shoot from "Broadway."

Olympia, Empire—Fay Compton, Laura Hope Crews and Ian Hunter in a Molnar comedy which never quite finds itself but manages to be pretty continuously interesting.

Paris, Music Box—Irene Bordoni in a farce which really doesn't matter so long as she is on and singing Cole Porter's incidental songs.

Possession, Henry Miller's—One good scene made this one for us. Mary Boland has replaced Margaret Lawrence in it but, fortunately, Walter Connolly is still there.

Relations, Wallack's—The author and leading man of this Jewish comedy doesn't want to give in to public indifference.

Skidding, Bayes—How this one keeps going nobody knows.

Straight Thru the Door, Forty-Ninth St.—The spelling is William Hodge's—also the show.

These Few Ashes, Booth—To be reviewed next week.

This Thing Called Love, Bijou—Partly good, partly bad, but Violet Heming carries it along over the rough spots.

The Yellow Jacket, Coburn—For the benefit of our young readers we will say that, in its day, this was a very delightful comedy. It is now being revived by the Coburns.

Young Love, Masque—With Dorothy Gish and James Rennie. To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana, Mansfield—To be reviewed next week.

Animal Crackers, Forty-Fourth St.—Reviewed in this issue.

Billie, Erlanger's—Mr. Cohan's current musical success, with Miss Polly Walker as headliner.

Black Birds of 1928, Eltinge—You can't do much better than this Negro revue, as almost anybody will tell you.

Good Boy, Hammerstein's—A novel production of a good show, with Eddie Buzzell, Charles Butterworth, Helen Kane and others.

Good News, Forty-Sixth St.—This looks like a hit.

Hello Yourself, Casino—To be reviewed next week.

Hold Everything, Broadhurst—One of the newer ones which everybody seems to like. Ona Munson, Bert Lahr, Victor Moore and others.

Just a Minute, Ambassador—Hardly worth while.

Luckee Girl, Sam H. Harris—See the way the name is spelled? There's your answer.

The New Moon, Imperial—A beautiful production of a highly satisfying comic opera for people who are tired of saxophones. Evelyn Herbert, Gus Shy and Robert Halliday.

Rainbow, Gallo—Louise Brown, Charles Ruggles and Harland Dixon, with Vincent Youmans' music. To be reviewed later.

Rain or Shine, Cohan—Nothing seems to matter so long as Joe Cook's mechanical band is working.

Scandal of 1928, Apollo—Still at the top in the review business. Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington.

Show Boat, Ziegfeld—No matter what we said, you'd see it anyway—and you'd be right. Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, Edna May Oliver, Norma Terris and Jules Bledsoe.

This Year of Grace, Selwyn—Beatrice Lillie back in Noel Coward's revue. To be reviewed later.

Three Cheers, Globe—Will Rogers.

The Three Musketeers, Lyric—For lovers of old-fashioned comic opera. Dennis King and Lester Allen.

Treasure Girl, Alvin—The Gertrude Lawrence show, with Gershwin music. To be reviewed later.

Ups-a-Daisy, Shubert—Good all-around musical comedy, with Luella Gear, William Kent, Buster West and others.

Vanities of 1928, Earl Carroll—You have to sit through some pretty low stuff, but it is worth it to hear W. C. Fields, aided by Joe Frisco and Ray Dooley.

White Lilacs, Jolson—Worthy operetta dealing with the life of Chopin, with Guy Robertson, Odette Myrtil and DeWolf Hopper.

Repertory and Laboratory

Civic Repertory, Fourteenth St.—Eva Le Gallienne in highly successful repertory including "The Would-Be Gentleman," "L'Invitation au Voyage," "The Cradle Song" and "The Cherry Orchard."

The Final Balance, Provincetown—To be reviewed next week.

Robert Benchley.

The Movies

Recent Developments

While the City Sleeps, Metro-Goldwyn—Lon Chaney as a veteran detective who wins the battle but loses the girl. There is a grand fight on the house-tops between cops and gangsters.

The Mating Call, Paramount—A courageous but tardy wallop at the Ku Klux Klan, with Thomas Meighan as an innocent victim.

Me, Gangster, Fox—The career of a crook, viewed through rose-colored glasses, but embellished with much stalwart melodrama by Raoul Walsh.

Our Dancing Daughters, Metro-Goldwyn—This is what is known as "hot," particularly in view of the presence of Joan Crawford and Anita Page.

The Battle of the Sexes, United Artists—Two of the best performances you'll see on any screen, by Phyllis Haver and Jean Hersholt, and some adroit direction by D. W. Griffith.

Four Devils, Fox—I hope they've reduced the length of this dreary drama of circus life; at least two of its reels could easily have been spared.

The Fleet's In, Paramount—Step up, gobs, and meet Clara Bow, the sailor's friend.

Excess Baggage, Metro-Goldwyn—If you've seen William Haines only in smart-aleck rôles, you'll be amazed at his excellence in this.

Docks of New York, Paramount—Showing how good photography and the burly George Bancroft can atone for the lack of a story.

Mother Knows Best, Fox—The silent portions of this are splendid, but Mr. Fox never should have asked Madge Bellamy to do an imitation of Al Jolson on the Movietone.

The Camera-Man, Metro-Goldwyn—A typical Keaton comedy, in which Buster appears again as an unconquerable boob.

Submarine, Columbia—Raw meat, but tasty.

The Air Circus, Fox—Some engaging young people in a pleasant story that ends with some spoken dialogue.

Lilac Time, First National—Colleen Moore at her most Irish as a little French girl who keeps up the aviators' morale.

The Singing Fool, Warner Bros.—The Patriot, Paramount, and The Racket, Paramount—See all three of these.

The Home Towners, Warner Bros.—and Varsity, Paramount—Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

Song and Dance

Sheet Music

Querida, Feist—The Spanish influence (what with "Ramona," "In a Little Spanish Town," and "Chiquita") having panned out highly lucratively, Leo Feist, Inc., now introduces "Querida" as another Castilian contender for popular favor. It is a better type of ballad and will, in the long run, outlive its better-known predecessors.

Let's Fall in Love, Harms—Cole Porter, the millionaire song-writer, bon vivant and boulevardier, has produced a delightfully spicy companion piece to his last year's "Let's Misbehave." The new ditty, introduced by Irene Bordoni in her Broadway musical-comedy, "Paris," is quite racy, lyrically, but so cleverly done that all is forgiven. Many of the extra choruses done in the show are not included in the pianoforte copy, but there's enough in it to give you a good idea. The author is a dilettante tunesmith whose Parisian manse is a haven for the celebrities of the universe. He writes his ditties to amuse himself and usually, at the regular nightly gatherings in his home, he is induced to air the latest thing from his piano—with some star or other, such as Miss Bordoni, begging permission to do the songs in public.

The Land of Going-to-Be, Harms—Since this waltz ballad is bound to register on your consciousness ere long, it may as well be definitely identified now as the new Irene Bordoni hit, rivaling "If You Could Care for Me" and all the French comedienne's past performances. This one is a Continental air by Walter Kollo. E. Ray Goetz, the star's husband-manager, fashioned the lyric.

I Can't Make Her Happy (That Old Girl of Mine), Shapiro-Bernstein—Reverse-English on the usual come-back-to-me optimism. Here, Lew Pollock and Sidney Clare deal with the confessed rounder who appreciates the domestic virtues of the g. l., but admits the said girl friend's not for him. A different type of ballad.

I Think of You All Thru the Night, Sherman-Clay—A sample of good old sentimental song hokum, the direct antithesis of the above. The heart-throb balladists will delight in this one.

Loving You Like I Do, Foster—Sweet and optimistic love song, soundly constructed melodically, and wholesomely developed lyrically.

Records

You Need Some Loving and Ham and Eggs

Columbia 14358—Johnny Dunn, dusky trumpet virtuoso.

(Continued on page 30)

FRESH HOPE

(The day will come, according to a scientist,
when we shall burn water as fuel.)

WHEN I was young (O happy time!)
I laid my programme down
And gaily planned a rapid climb
To credit and renown.

But youth too soon was left behind
And with it every hope
That eminence of any kind
Would prove within my scope.

But, should our rivers soon supply
The fuel we require,
It may be, after all, that I
Shall set the Thames on fire.

—Punch.

MIDDLE AGE is that period in life when
you're glad it isn't any worse.

—Ohio State Journal.



Just a Few Hours* to Good Times

It's just overnight to an Indian summer that lasts all winter long . . . to golden days of golf and outdoor sport . . . to perfect, bracing climate . . . where deep draughts of pine-scented air are a daily tonic.

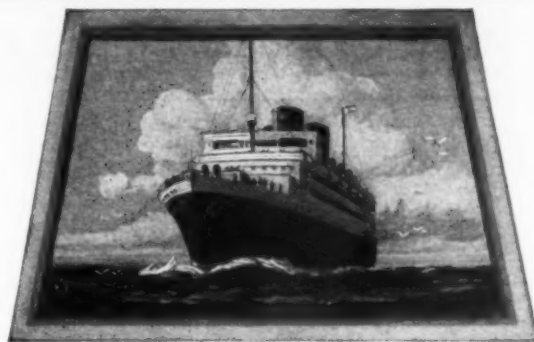
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Automobiles carried on all Steamers

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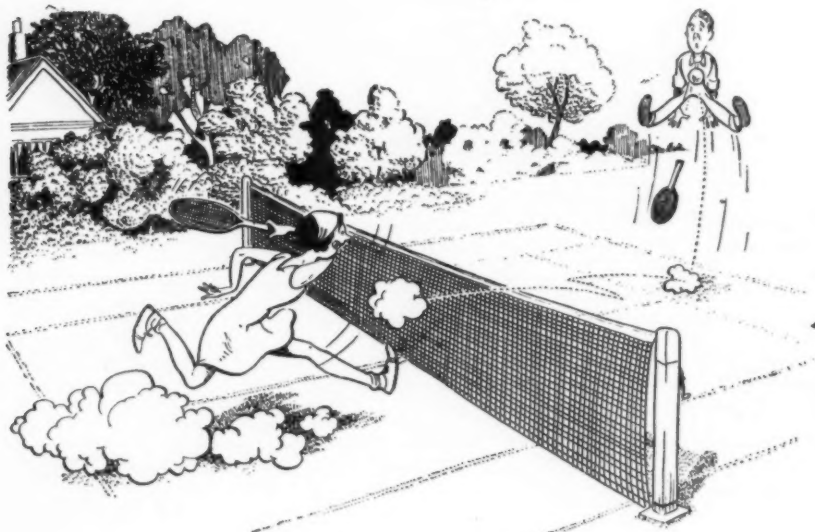
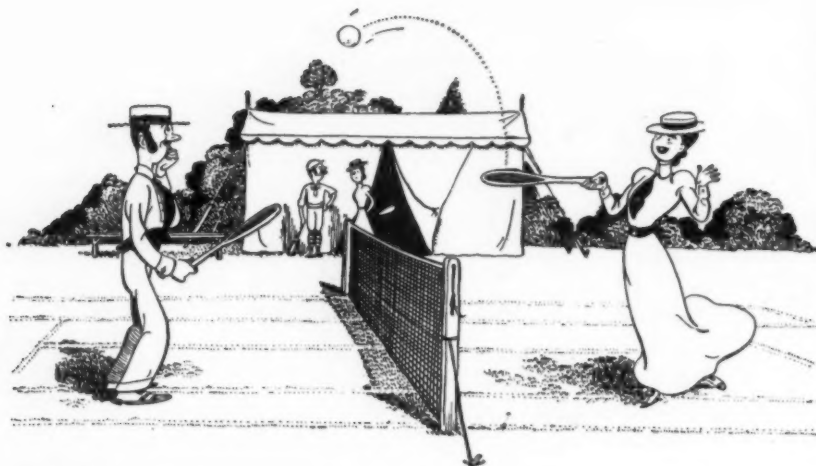


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Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



Tennis—Then and Now

—LE RIRE (PARIS).

ANTI-BUNK AGAIN

WILL ROGERS was asked to give a testimonial to a certain make of American piano. "Dear Sirs," he wrote in reply, "I guess your pianos are the best I ever leaned against."

—London Opinion.



The End of Daylight Saving
"If I could only set it back twenty-five years!"
—LE JOURNAL (PARIS).

THE ARM OF THE LAW

A SMART sports car came to a sudden standstill in Piccadilly. Said the young blood in the front bucket seat to the other young blood who was driving:

"Why have you stopped, George?"

"Don't you see that the policeman's arm is against us?" said George.

"H'm," murmured the first cynically, "you're becoming devilish particular all of a sudden."

—Sporting and Dramatic News.

"IT" PLUS

ENTHUSIASTIC Madame Glyn
Holds reticence a mortal sin.
She would, if she could have her way,
Refer to Clara Bow as "they."

—Photoplay.

THE "talkies," we are told, have come to stay. So much for the hope that they had just popped in for a chat.—Punch.

THE DRAMATIC CRITICS GO THAT WAY OVER A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY

SHE left this ageless chronicler immersed in grateful tears....

—Hammond, Herald Tribune.

For concentrated life and pep, this lady takes the candy....

—Mantle, News.

By far the most refreshing thing this scribe has seen in years....

—Osborn, Evening World.

She changed each calm observer to a wild and cheering standee....

—Gabriel, Sun.

And here, my friends, I take my leave of choristers moronic....

—Ervine, World.

As gorgeously superb, let's say, as Mr. Ziegfeld's "Rosalie"....

—De Rohan, American.

I must admit this lady is a most delightful tonic....

—Garland, Telegram.

Such studied movement as is hers must not be treated prosily....

—Atkinson, Times.

She represents the answer to her sponsors' fondest wishes....

—Littell, Post.

A breath-arresting beauty in a multitude of faces....

—Anderson, Journal.

Delectable....superlative....magnificent....delicious....

—Coleman, Mirror.

....Baby, let's be doing things, and let's be going places.

—Winchell, Graphic.

—Miller, Newcomb and Miller, in New York Evening Graphic.

RATHER FAINT AND BLURRED, AT THAT

AN unsuccessful effort to flirt with a pretty girl brought us this gem of American slang:

"Outa sight, big boy. You're only a carbon copy of one big moment."

—Chicago Evening Post.



"How long do you suppose it was, Sonny, since you descended from a monkey like that?"
"Five years, Papa!"

—JUGEND (MUNICH).

AN EDITOR BACKFIRES

EVERY man who works at all thinks his job is the hardest and longs to get into something less nerve-racking and we have our moments of depression when we have half a mind to abandon this noble profession, gird up our loins, fill up our gasoline tank, shake the dust of this garden spot of the world from our feet and go down to Southern waters and devote the remainder of our life, however long that may be, to solving the great scientific problem of whether sharks will bite a human being or not if the latter gives them a good chance.—*Ohio State Journal*.

SIRENS

A COUPLE of cute young ladies who were visiting a Western city decided that they would go horseback riding, we are told, and the head groom asked one of them whether she would prefer the flat English saddle or the Western saddle with a horn. "The flat saddle," said the young thing, "because we aren't going to ride in any traffic and won't need a horn."

—*New Yorker*.

"LONDON tailors are horrified at American golf clothes." Who wouldn't be?

—*Toledo Blade*.

BEAUTY is often only skin dope.

—*London Calling*.



Deplorably Absent-Minded

"Oh, what a saphead—here I've gone and forgotten my parachute!"

—*LE PETIT BLEU (PARIS)*.

TRIOLET OF THE WAY

We go the way our fathers went,
Despite their tears, entreaties, blame
Beneath the self-same burdens bent,
We go the way our fathers went;
And when our pride of youth is spent
Our children shall confess the same:
"We go the way our fathers went,
Despite their tears, entreaties, blame."
—C. E. F., in the *Nation and Athenaeum*.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"HONK! HONK! IT'S THE BONK!"

DADDY BROWNING, who recently broke into the papers again, is reported in a New York dispatch as having "a falcon or a rooster or something" on his coat of arms. That's the trouble with letting cub reporters cover assignments like this. We veterans would have recognized that thing instantly as an African honking gander.

—*Arkansas Gazette*.

"NEW YORK CRANES NECK TO SEE ZEPP."

—*World headline*.

"THE N. Y. Cranes," writes E. H. Crane of Hartford, "are not related to me, but I wish they would do their necking at some more suitable time."—*New York World*.

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And now there's a Graflex priced within reach of everybody—Graflex "Series B"—3 1/4" x 4 1/4"—\$80. Other models \$85 to \$375.

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NOT so dumb, Fido. You know the difference between a strong pipe and a mild one, don't you? So do the thousands of pipe lovers who have discovered Sir Walter's favorite pipe tobacco. It's mild. It's mellow. It's satisfying. And it's fresh to the last pipeful in the tin. An inner wrapping of heavy gold foil protects its fragrance and flavor.

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Dept. X, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's  milder

Confidential Guide (Continued from page 26)

tuoso, has taken a jazz band unto himself as a full-fledged maestro of "heated" syncopation, and here offers a dance-inspiring brace of fox-trots. Dunn is the trumpet soloist who, while in London with the late Florence Mills, was introduced to the Prince of Wales. On one visit backstage, the Prince addressed him with a cheerful "Hello, Johnny!" to which Dunn replied, "Hello, Prince!" in a spirit of most intimate Harlem camaraderie.

I Wanna Be Loved by You and Is There Anything Wrong in That? Victor 21684—Helen Kane, a new type of vo-do-de-o songstress, whose own cute and unique vocal interpolations distinguish her, couples her hit from "Good Boy" with an interrogative ditty which reminds of her now famous "That's My Weakness Now." This record is one of the most delightful canned vaudeville oddities in a long while.

Hindustan and Cannon Ball Rag. Brunswick 4042—To be in keeping with a current penchant for reviving yesteryear fox-trot favorites, Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt rhythmicpators contrast a stately melody fox-trot, "Hindustan," and its Oriental flavoring, with a "hot" jazz of Ethiopian character, wherein the artillery influence asserts itself in the orchestration of the "Cannon Ball Rag." Great dance disk.

Down-Hearted Blues and Stack o' Lee Blues. Okeh 41115—Boyd Senter, a more or less illustrious jazz clarinet virtuoso of the cinematic cathedrals, struts his stuff in solo, to piano accompaniment, on one side, producing some eerie reed modulations which will delight the jazz addict, and at the same time maintains perfect dance rhythm. In the companion piece, Senter and his Senterpedes, as he labels his jazz band, make steeps with the original "Stack o' Lee Blues," that racy doggerel of the honky-tonks which, sans its lyrics, is as denatured a "hot" fox-trot as could be desired.

Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time and King for a Day. Victor 21687—Jesse Crawford generally guarantees an excellent pipe organ recording. These popular contemporaneous ballads, the first the theme song of the film, "Lilac Time," are skilfully interpreted by the Paramount Theatre's virtuoso of the Wurlitzer.

Gypsy Baron (Parts I and II). Odeon 3230—The Okeh Company imports and markets the Odeon recordings, made, in the main, by Berlin and Vienna artists. Edith Lorand and her excellent concert orchestra here couple selections from Johann Strauss' charming operetta on a 12-inch disk.

Abel Green.

Reading Matters

Non-Fiction

Listen to the Mocking Bird, by Stoddard King. Doubleday. *Dorcas*—Most of these liting and none-too-reverent verses began the King column in the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*. Some first appeared in LIFE, and many were quoted in these columns; in fact, if you see any credited to "S. K." and they are good, Stoddard King wrote them.

The Technique of the Love Affair, by A Gentlewoman. Simon & Schuster—Sophisticate's Advice to the Lovelorn. The first perfumed book, a momentous event for which your reviewer confesses unwitting responsibility.

Trails of the Hunted, by James L. Clark. Little, Brown—Plain and fancy risk-running on three continents by our foremost rhino shooter and elephant stuffer. Swell.

Fiction

Innocent Bystanding, by Frank Sullivan. *Live-right*—You can't fool us, this is just a good imitation of Frank Sullivan by Frank Sullivan (not to be confused with Frank Sullivan). Two hundred fifty-nine pages, and all of them funny.

Our Companionate Goldfish, by Don Herold. Doubleday. *Dorcas*—Another funny book, doubly laughable because the author draws his own pictures, or the artist writes his own text, or vice versa.

Death Near the River, by Monte Cooper. Holt—Still one of the best current horror stories.

D'Artagnan, by H. Bedford-Jones. Cowi-Friede—A sequel to "The Three Musketeers," based on a fragmentary manuscript by Dumas and written in an excellent approximation of his style.

Recommended

Tamerlane, by Harold Lamb. . . . **Roamin' in the Gloamin',** by Sir Harry Lauder. . . . **The Harness,** by A. Hamilton Gibbs. . . . **The Queen's Husband,** by R. E. Sherwood. . . . **The House at Pooh Corner,** by A. A. Milne. . . . **The Twilight of the American Mind,** by Walter B. Pitkin. . . . **Spy and Counter-Spy,** by Richard Wilmer Rowan. . . . **Destiny Bay,** by Donn Byrne. . . . **Murder,** by Evelyn Johnson and Gretta Palmer. . . . **Squad,** by James B. Wharton. . . . **20 Hrs. 40 Min.—Our Flight in the "Friendship,"** by Amelia Earhart. . . . **Profisher,** by William McFee. . . . **The Perfect Ship,** by Weston Martyr.

Perry Githens.

Pipe-Loving Sailor Makes Known His Discovery

Finds his "beloved" tobacco
on sale in far-off Argentine

They used to say that a sailor had a girl in every port—and if he didn't have, he looked for one.

Here's a seafaring man who looks for Edgeworth Tobacco in the far corners of the globe, and is disappointed if he doesn't find it.

Buenos Aires, Argentine,
Calle Azopardo 816,
Jan. 4, 1928

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.
Gentlemen:

I'm a seafarer, and as such of course travel quite a lot. Right now I am in the Argentine, and am glad to say that I can here purchase your beloved Edgeworth Tobacco, of which I'm so very fond.

It is indeed a pity that one can't find this good smoke in every place of the seven seas. While recently in Germany, my home-country, I tried in vain to come upon one of these little blue tins. I'm not saying too much in mentioning that I would outwalk that famous mile, hunting up dear Edgeworth. I dare say there is no other tobacco like it, and am convinced that Edgeworth cannot be improved.

Let me know when you contemplate ceasing to make Edgeworth so that I may lay in a goodly store to last till I'm seventy.

May Edgeworth never change!

I'll always remain

Sincerely yours,

Willie Schmekies



Let us send you some free pipe-loads of Edgeworth, the tobacco which has made men look for it throughout the world. Try Edgeworth in your pipe and see if you don't like it enough to want to buy more.

Put your name and address on a slip of paper with a request for free helpings of Edgeworth samples, and mail it to Larus & Brother

Company, 16 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

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Edgeworth Ready Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are on sale everywhere in small pocket-sized packages, and in various other sizes up to the handsome one-pound humidor.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 Kilocycles.—Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time

The Idealist

SHE: Don't you think you meet *loads* of people who don't understand you, sort of?

HE: Oh, yeah—absolutely!

SHE: I mean I know *heaps* of boys, for instance, who think I'm *terribly* queer because I don't *neck*, because I mean they say all the other girls they know *do*, do you know what I mean?

HE: Yeah, you bet!

SHE: I mean they simply don't understand me because I've sort of got *ideals* about things like that.

HE: Well, they have a lot of respect for you, just the same, though.

SHE: I don't think they have—I mean I really *don't*, my dear, because I actually think they just think I'm awfully different from other girls and kind of peculiar or something because I don't *neck*.

HE: Well, there's a lot of guys who don't understand a girl who has ideals because so few girls have 'em nowadays.

SHE: I s'pose that's *it*, isn't it? But I can't understand these girls who just let anybody *neck* them because I mean unless I *cared* for the person, sort of, it wouldn't mean anything.

HE: You're darn right.

SHE: Do you *really* think I *am*?

HE: Yeah, you bet. But, b'lieve me, darn few girls have those ideals about necking.

SHE: Well, it isn't that I'm a prude about it or anything only I just simply can't *bear* it unless the person's someone I think's awfully attractive and understands my point of view about it and all, do you know what I mean?

HE: Yeah, you bet!

SHE: I mean I don't think there's anything *wrong* about *necking* but I just think it's awfully sordid, sort of, to let anybody *neck* you.

HE: Yeah, you said it!

SHE: Gosh, I'm terribly glad you think I'm *right* about it and I *honestly* think you're one of the *few* people who really understand how I *feel* because I mean you sort of appreciate anybody with *ideals* about things like that.

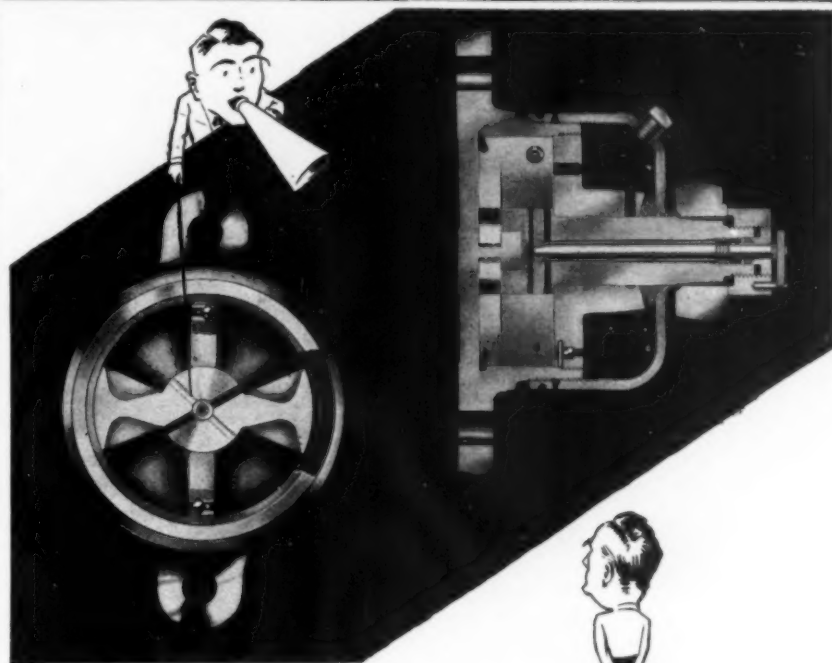
HE: Sure—I think it's great for a girl to have ideals.

SHE: Well, you don't know how simply marvelous it is to meet somebody like you who actually *understands* how a girl *feels* about things like that because I mean I simply *won't* let anybody *neck* me who thinks I'm like these *other* girls who just let anybody *neck* them because I mean unless the person *respects* you for your *ideals* about things like that I think it's just a *terribly sordid* performance, my dear—I mean I *actually do*!

Lloyd Mayer.

WILL IT BE WORTH IT?

And pitiful figures: the Scotchman who has just been notified that a collect telegram awaits him.



Seriously: as one car owner to another..

THERE is really something to all this excitement about riding comfort.

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Hydraulic, they automatically and instantly adjust their resistance to the size of the bumps and the speed you drive.

Double-Acting: they not only check blanket-tossing recoil but they absorb the shocks that make springs strike bottom.

If you want comfort for yourself and the folks who ride on the back seat investigate Houdailles. The Houdaille Distributor will be glad to take you for a ride in a Houdaille equipped car. Also, there's a young lady right here who is all set to type your name on a Houdaille booklet just for you, if you will mail the coupon.

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Parfumeur to the Modern Woman



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"BLUE ORCHID"

toujours moi
"ALWAYS ME"

AT ALL GOOD SHOPS IMPORTED BY LIONEL, 20-22 WEST 57th ST., NEW YORK

DON'T WE ALL?

SHE had always wondered what the old men in clubs talk about all day. It was her good fortune the other day to employ an old colored man who had once acted as valet in a club.

"Tell me, Charlie," she asked, "what do those men sit around and talk about all the time?"

"Oh, ma'am, they jes' sit there and rearrange their prejudices."—*New York Sun.*

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES DE LUXE

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S. S. *Adriatic*, Jan. 10 and Feb. 28

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Atten-shun!

WHEN the Navy beat Pennsylvania on Franklin Field, nobody was more surprised than the midshipmen themselves. After the final whistle, the exuberant young gentlemen from Annapolis swooped down on the field and started, in a regrettably undisciplined manner, to make wild whoopee.

They concentrated their attention on the Penn band, which is probably the snappiest and dressiest college band in the world. First the bandmaster's impressive hat was snatched from his head; then the unbridled midshipmen decided that they might as well appropriate some of the instruments for general noise-making purposes.

It seemed for a moment that the band was about to be stripped of its possessions and put completely out of commission. But the bandmaster was equal to the occasion, even if the Penn team was not.

He managed to gasp out one desperate command to those of his men who had contrived to stand firm against the naval onslaught. Then he waved his baton, and the band burst forth, with heroic determination, into the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Every midshipman on the field froze to attention.

The honor of old Penn had been saved.

L. T. H.

Love Affair

A NEW-MADE friend, the fruit of a chance meeting:

A new hand's pressure, and a stranger's eyes:

A glance of swift appraisal and surmise,

And then two lips that smiled a friendly greeting:

A new-born love—kisses—a little cheating:

Some letters, very warm and not too wise:

A walk or two, beneath new-brightened skies:

A sense that time was short, and youth was fleeting—

Such was our love affair: a breathless whirl

Of little joys and griefs: a fragile song

Too poignant to endure for very long—
Too slight, for hopes and dreams to build upon it;

For you, my dear, were just another girl,
As sure as this is just another sonnet.

N. R. J.

We have just finished reading
Elmer Davis' "Giant Killer." Bomb in
Gilead!



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space for our increased
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Liveries
Storage Department

SEVENTH FLOOR

Evening Clothes, Walking Coats
Accounts
Executive Offices

A Meeting of President Will Rogers' Cabinet

(NOTE: During the past political campaign, the editors of LIFE, in co-operation with the Kolster Radio Corporation, presented a series of radio rallies designed to promote the interests of the Anti-Bunk Party and its immortal candidate, Will Rogers. Among the distinguished speakers at these nation-wide broadcasts were Thomas Meighan, Amelia Earhart, Leon Errol, Raymond Hitchcock, Gene Buck, Walter Winchell, Eddie Cantor, Robert Benchley, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. One of the rallies was a demonstration of the manner in which the government would be run under the Rogers administration. It was a meeting of the President's Cabinet, with Messrs. Cantor, Benchley, Kalmar and Ruby gathered together to discuss affairs of state. Many people who heard this broadcast have asked us for a repetition of it, so we are pleased to reproduce herewith a stenographic report of the Cabinet meeting as performed before the microphone.)

BENCHLEY (*rapping for order*): Good evening, members of the Cabinet. How are you all feeling this fine, brisk October evening?

THE OTHER CABINET OFFICERS (*in chorus, singing*): "Oh, boy—I'm lucky—I'll say I'm lucky—this is my lucky day..."

BENCHLEY: Hey—that's enough of that. We're not advertising cigarettes.

CANTOR: Oh, Mr. Benchley, I'd like to know, what are we advertising? If we're on the radio, we must be advertising something.

BENCHLEY: We're holding a Cabinet meeting. All of us here are members of President Will Rogers' Cabinet.

CANTOR: Where's President Rogers?

BENCHLEY: He isn't here. He said to tell you he was very sorry he couldn't attend the meeting. He had a dentist's appointment—it's that old gum trouble of his, you know.

CANTOR: All right—let's give him the dental salute of twenty-one gums. (*Cheers.*)

KALMAR: Then if Rogers isn't here, I want to be President.

BENCHLEY: No, you can't be President, because it's my turn. You were President last time. . . . Now, Mr. Cantor, you'll be Secretary of State.

CANTOR: Oh, I want to be Secretary of Agriculture! I love agriculture. I've got a geranium at home.

BENCHLEY: Mr. Kalmar, you'll be Secretary of War. . . .

KALMAR: Fine! I'll give myself a medal.

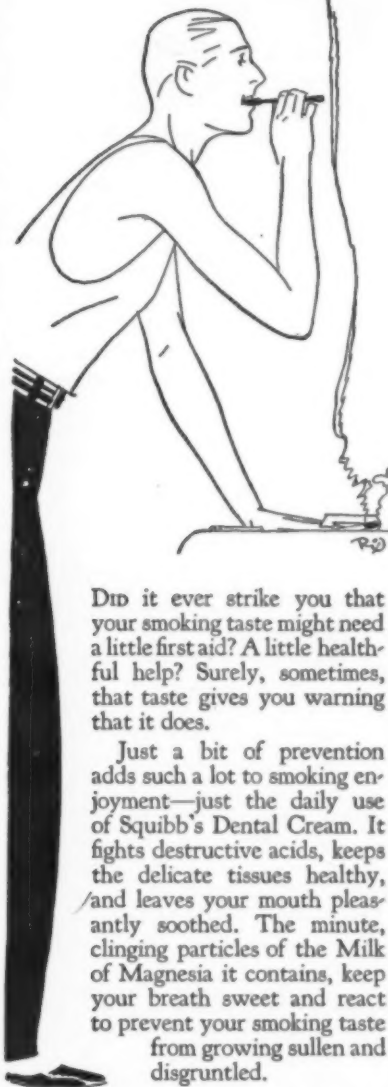
BENCHLEY: And you, Mr. Ruby. . . .

RUBY: Well—what about me?

BENCHLEY: You can be Secretary of the Interior.

(Continued on next page)

first aid to SMOKERS

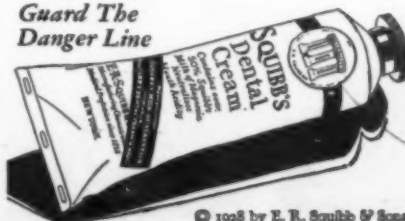


Did it ever strike you that your smoking taste might need a little first aid? A little healthful help? Surely, sometimes, that taste gives you warning that it does.

Just a bit of prevention adds such a lot to smoking enjoyment—just the daily use of Squibb's Dental Cream. It fights destructive acids, keeps the delicate tissues healthy, and leaves your mouth pleasantly soothed. The minute, clinging particles of the Milk of Magnesia it contains, keep your breath sweet and react to prevent your smoking taste from growing sullen and disgruntled.

The next time you buy your favorite smoke, buy a first aid kit of Squibb's. That "ounce of prevention" will put a new delight in smoking.

Guard The
Danger Line



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CENTER OF THOUGHT
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France is like falling in love... you aren't grown up till you've done it... and you're never happy afterward, away from its magic light. France is an education... that makes history come alive like a thrilling, gorgeous play. France is a holiday of the spirit. France is a course in *savoir faire*, *chic*, the international viewpoint on life. This atmosphere begins in New York... if you cross "the longest gangplank in the world" to the white decks of the "France", "Paris", or the "Ile de France". Fastest service to Plymouth, England, then Le Havre de Paris, a covered pier, a boat-train... three hours, Paris... overnight the Riviera... one day across the Mediterranean... North Africa of palm-feathered oases and forty-one luxurious "Transat" hotels.

Three Mediterranean Cruises
by the "FRANCE"
Jan. 3rd, Feb. 7th and March 14th

French Line

Information from any authorized
French Line Agent or write direct
to 19 State Street, New York City



A Meeting of President Will Rogers' Cabinet

(Continued from page 33)

RUBY: Ladies and gentlemen, my first action will be to have the interior re-decorated. (Cheers.)

BENCHLEY: The first business of this meeting is for Secretary Kalmar and Secretary Ruby to sing us a song. (Cheers.)

(KALMAR and RUBY sing, "We Can't All Be Congressmen, Thank God for That!")

BENCHLEY: Now, members of the Executive Cabinet, we've got to come down to business. And very serious business it is, too, you may be sure. We're threatened with a war. The Southern States have challenged the Northern States on the slavery question and the whole situation is very disagreeable. We've either got to declare war or pretend that we didn't read the papers this morning and don't know what's happening. As I've already said, the President's away....

THE OTHERS (sing):

"Oh, the President's away, the President's away,
Heigh-ho, the jerry-o, the President's away."

BENCHLEY: And very good, too, boys. Is there any other business?

CANTOR: Mr. Benchley.

BENCHLEY: Yes, Secretary Cantor.

CANTOR: I got some business. I got an order from a firm in St. Louis. They're taxidermists. They want to have Ruth and Gehrig killed and stuffed.

KALMAR: And I've got an order from a taxidermist in California for some stuffed figs. (He waits for his laugh. It doesn't come.)

CANTOR: We should have stopped after the Ruth-Gehrig gag.

BENCHLEY (knocking with gavel): Will Secretaries Kalmar and Ruby please get up off the floor?

KALMAR: My point is eight, Mr. Benchley. It's a very easy one to make.

RUBY: Five dollars says you don't make it.

CANTOR: Five dollars says he does. (Cheers.)

BENCHLEY: I'll take a piece of that.

KALMAR: Come on, you big eight. (Dice rattle on the table.)

CHORUS: A seven! (Loud cheers—broken by gavel.)

BENCHLEY: Please, please. Now that we have settled that point, is there any other business?

CANTOR: I'd like to sing.

KALMAR: I object.

BENCHLEY: Objection sustained.

CANTOR: I resign my portfolio.

RUBY: Give it to me. I got bottles in mine.

BENCHLEY: Gentlemen — gentlemen. Come on now.... everybody up in his



Relieve Dandruff

and keep your hair in place

Don't try to make hair behave with water. Sergeant's will help to keep your hair neatly combed and will also put your hair and scalp in splendid condition.



"Comb your hair with it"

When you comb your hair wet it or wet your comb with Sergeant's and then comb it. Comb it and brush it vigorously so that Sergeant's can work down to the scalp. Only a minute or two. No trouble—yet what satisfactory results!

For fifty years, Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff, and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50 year old company.

Being an oil treatment containing no alcohol, Sergeant's releases natural oils in the scalp which "lubricate" the hair, and not only keep it in place but make it virile, strong and healthy. Use Sergeant's and dry, brittle hair that breaks and falls out will become normal. Dandruff will be a thing of the past. No longer will your scalp be dry and itchy. It will not over-grease the hair. No stains.



"Comb your hair with it"

In addition to the daily use of Sergeant's every head of hair needs a "rub with Sergeant's". Apply Sergeant's to the scalp freely and rub with the tips of your fingers. Do this until you feel your scalp tingle with renewed life and vigor.

Ask your druggist for Sergeant's for the Hair—75c. Keep the handy bottle in a convenient place where you can't forget to use it. Sample bottle containing a week's supply sent postpaid on request.

Polk Miller Products Corporation
2307 Broad Street, Richmond, Va.
Sole Canadian Agent
Fred J. Whitlow & Co., Toronto.

Sergeant's

For the Hair

chair and let's attend to the nation's business....

THE OTHERS (*sing*):

"How dear to my heart is the old nation's business,
The old nation's business that hung on the wall...." (*Cheers.*)

BENCHLEY: Very good, gentlemen.... very good, indeed.... I think we might have held that G-sharp chord a little longer. What do you think, Secretary Cantor?

CANTOR: I beg your pardon?

BENCHLEY: I wish you would pay a little closer attention. I said, how about holding that G-sharp chord a little longer?

CANTOR: It's O. K. with me. I got nothing to do.

BENCHLEY: All right, then. Let's run over it once more.

THE OTHERS (*sing*):

"How dear to my heart is the old nation's business,
The old nation's business that hung...."

BENCHLEY: Hold it.

THE OTHERS: "On the wall...." (*Cheers.*)

BENCHLEY: I call that a big improvement.

CANTOR: Mr. Benchley.

BENCHLEY: Yes, Secretary Cantor.

CANTOR: I just thought you'd be interested to know that I can sing. (*Loud cheers.*)

BENCHLEY: Do I hear any objection?

KALMAR: If that guy is allowed to sing, I'll resign.

RUBY: And I'll resign. I'm getting sick of the whole thing, anyway.

BENCHLEY: Gentlemen.... gentlemen.... Here we are faced with one of the nation's greatest crises, the secession of the Southern States and the firing on Fort Sumter, and here you are all resigning. Is that nice?

(*Sound of fife and drum corps playing "Dixie."*)

BENCHLEY: There! Do you hear that? The Confederate Army is at our very gates. Are we to surrender?

THE OTHERS (*sing*): "Surrender the day, the day you said, I love you—surrender...."

BENCHLEY: A very wise decision, gentlemen—very wise indeed.... I beg your pardon, Secretary Kalmar—I think that was my five of diamonds you picked up.

(*Continued on next page*)

JEWELLED ANNIVERSARIES *are Remembered*

THOSE days that live a lifetime... jewel-mark them in memory. Jeweled gifts possess an enduring charm, a subtle something that makes them appreciated records of each anniversary.

Your jeweler's cases are laden now with wares designed to solve your shopping problem. And how pleasant it is to know that these treasured tokens will become more valued with each passing year.



for
GIFTS *that* LAST
Consult your Jeweler
NATIONAL JEWELERS PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION

\$300 FOR
ROOM &
BATH
HOTEL PICCADILLY
45th St. W. of Broadway
NEW YORK
In the
Heart
of TIMES
SQUARE—
Brand new—
Luxurious—
Exceptional!
EACH room has bath,
circulating ice water, elec-
tric fan!
F. D. SOFIELD, Managing Director

Good bye
Old Shaving
Brush



Unsanitary—Germ Catcher



Farewell
Lather!

Smart, Burn, Pull, Tear

Welcome
MOLLE
(Mō-lay)



Apply with finger tips



No
Rubbing in
No Steaming
or Lotions

Saves you 8 minutes a day

Makes Your
face feel
Like a
Million Dollars



All day afterward

A Whale of
a Tube
50c

Your
Druggist
Has It



"A Million Men Can't Be Wrong"

Is Senator Copeland of New York (a noted physician) wrong when he accuses the old shaving brush of spreading blood diseases, infections, and even the fatal ANTHRAX?

Are the MILLION MOLLE Shavers wrong? Will MOLLE shave you quicker, smoother than lather and brush, or not? Does it make the old face feel like a "million dollars," or doesn't it?

Here's how to find out. Get the "whale of a tube" from your Druggist, or send a dime for a week's trial tube. Don't take our word for it—don't take anyone's word—use MOLLE and see how your face likes it.

The MOLLE Company, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

THE MOLLE COMPANY, Dept. 87, Cleveland, O. Enclosed find 10c (coin, or stamps) for which please send a week of MOLLE Shaves, to:

Name.....
St. No.....
City..... State.....



A Meeting of President Will Rogers' Cabinet

(Continued from page 35)

KALMAR: Say! I held the five of diamonds when the hand was dealt. How did you get it?

RUBY: I gave it to him.

(Sound of cannon booming.)

BENCHLEY: It's the Confederate artillery! I think I'll be running along.

CANTOR: Don't I get a chance to sing?

KALMAR: Ah—let him sing to the Confederate Army.

CANTOR: Bring 'em in. . . . I'll sing to 'em.

BENCHLEY (calling): Oh, you, Confederate Army! Yoo-hoo! Come on in. . . . Secretary Cantor has a surprise for you.

(Sound of fife and drums playing "Dixie" louder and louder, tramp of marching men.)

BENCHLEY: Officers and men of the Southern Confederacy! If you will all take your seats, Secretary Cantor will now sing for you.

(CANTOR sings "How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm, After They've Got Relief?")

BENCHLEY: Now, officers and men of the Southern Confederacy. Secretaries Cantor, Kalmar, Ruby and Benchley of the Federal Government are ready to surrender. President Will Rogers would gladly surrender too, but he had to go to the dentist's. (Cheers.) So will you please all be just as quiet as possible while you take us out to be shot? Come on, boys, we're going to be shot. . . .

THE OTHERS (sing):

"We're going to be shot, we're going to be shot,

Heigh-ho, the jerry-o, we're going to be shot. . . ."

CONFEDERATE OFFICER: All right, men, fall in. . . . Ready. . . . Aim. . . .

CANTOR: Wait a minute.

BENCHLEY: Keep quiet, Secretary Cantor. They're going to shoot us.

CANTOR: Well, they'll have to wait until I wind my watch.

(Sound of watch winding.)

CANTOR: When the guns go off, it will be exactly one eighteen asked, one fourteen bid, Stock Exchange Time, six to one they get you, Chicago Time, and in China it will be a week from Wednesday. This service is brought to you through the courtesy of. . . .

OFFICER: FIRE!

(Rattle of musketry. Loud cheers of crowd. The band plays the "Toreador" song with some gusto.)

(The Announcer signs off.)

THE END.

THE Highbrow Looks at Life

These working folk, with faces blank,
Ride home from store and shop;
What vacant minds reflected there—
Oh, hell, I've passed my stop!

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A good watch deserves a good chain



YOU'RE proud of that new watch. It tells the minutes like a railroad clock — accurate, unfailing. It looks well, and you know it. But what of the watch-chain?

That your watch may have the chain it deserves, Simmons is now making special watch-chains for various fine watches. The chain above (30389) is one of those designed upon that principle. A white gold-filled Waldemar has been styled for a new and graceful pocket watch known as the "Pearagon." The price of this is \$9 and it may be worn, of course, with any other watch you choose.

Simmons Chains of appropriate design are made for other well-known watches. Ask your jeweler about Simmons Chains. Among his wide selection you'll find one that will suit you—and your watch—admirably. . . . A suggestion: Give a Simmons Chain for Christmas. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Massachusetts.



The World Miscast

Inevitable Conclusions After Spending Any Evening in Any Speakeasy

I

"Now take me, f'r instance—no, no, these are on me—I'm doing the wrong thing. I ought to be writing. Yeah, sure—I used to write automobile tire copy that knocked people *stiff*! I could make a swell living at fiction if I could only get started. And what am I doing? Wasting my best years selling space for a bum magazine. Say, I've got more ideas for knockout plots.... honest, you wouldn't believe me...."

II

"Y'know, it makes me sick that I can't do the one thing I want to do. Naw, this life insurance isn't my real game at all. I'll never be happy until I get down to writing—hey, Umberto, two more old-fashioneds, quick! Honestly, I wake up more times in the middle of the night, fairly itching for a pad and pencil....no, I don't, because it'd leave me feeling like an old umbrella all next day. Got to have my nine hours, but it's hell, all right, not being able to do the one thing you ought to be doing...."

III

"No, no, these are on me—here, Umberto, don't you take a dime from this gen'l'man! Well—what were we talking about? oh, yes—when you consider all the trash that's printed today it gives me a pain not to be able to chuck over this advertising racket and go to it myself. What's that? You bet your life I can do it! I can *write*, brother—hey, Jeff, weave over here an' tell this gen'l'man whether or not I can write! Sure, anyone'll tell you....just ask 'em, tha's all...."

IV

"Lissen here, mister—wha's that name again? Oh, yeh, tha's ri'. Well, lissen here, an' mark m' words: one of these days thish damn wholesale wallpaper business is goin' t' miss me, mister. Tha's ri', Umberto, an' the change is yours — as usual. Here's lookin' at you, mister, an' as I was sayin', wallpaper's loss is goin' t' be lit'rature's gain. Why, sure I can write....been wantin' to get at it for twenny years, mister—wha's that name again?....Oh, yeh, well, lissen here a minute...."

Stanley Jones.

Ask for

**Century
SHEET MUSIC**

SAY "CENTURY" and get the world's Best Edition of the world's Best Music by the world's Best Composers. It's 15c (20c in Canada) 2500 selections for Piano, Piano Duo, Violin and Piano, Saxophone, Mandolin, Guitar and Vocal. Get free catalogue at your dealers, or write us.
Century Music Publishing Co.
240 West 40th Street
New York City

15¢

You see it's really easy!

WHEN it comes to gifts for men, the annual despair of the Christmas shopper is traditional. We admit that. But we *deny* the necessity for any such mental turmoil. Especially this year!

Have you noticed the style trend in men's shining raiment of late? Unmistakably, there are more starched collars being worn than for several years past. For business they're the thing. And starched collars mean French cuffs . . . and French cuffs mean cuff buttons, and there you are!



Kum-a-parts! The most practical cuff buttons made—and one of the few bits of chaste adornment well-dressed men will permit themselves to wear. *Snip*—and they're open. *Snap*—and they're closed. Holding even the softest cuffs smartly in place. Made of fine materials, and guaranteed for a lifetime. Priced to suit any purse, up to \$25. At jewelers' or men's shops. Baer & Wilde Co., Attleboro, Mass.

Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons

Another gift suggestion for civilized men—The new Carlton automatic cigarette lighter, thinnest and most graceful of them all—"Snap the lever—there's your light." One of the Kum-a-part products.

ECHOES of FRAGRANCE



ROGER & GALLET

PARIS

NEW YORK

© Roger & Gallet, 1928

Progress of Prohibition Enforcement

THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE spends \$2,000,000 a year to fortify Prohibition, and a Portland, Maine, woman asking for a separation testifies in court that her husband, whose occupation is that of floor-layer, makes an extra \$200 a week by bootlegging on the side; a Danish firm manufacturing cocktail shakers announces that dry America is its best customer, and a man in Detroit gets thirty days in the House of Correction for shaking cocktails while walking down Michigan Avenue; Boston dry agents seize hair wash in a barber shop, and the whiskey export to the United States from Canada increases; Senator Blease states that he could buy liquor under the Capitol dome, and Senator Copeland tells of a dry Senator who became so intoxicated at a Washington banquet that he fell from his chair; the Director of Public Safety of Jersey City sends firemen who get drunk on duty to a church to "sign the pledge," and one policeman comes before him on twenty-three separate occasions on the charge of drunkenness; in the state of Washington the mere possession of liquor is a crime under the state law, and the President of the University of Washington warns his students that if the drinking that is reported to him on the campus does not stop he will take drastic action against the charters of the fraternities; in Washington, D. C., an entire family of a man and wife with two small children are arrested by dry agents as rum runners, and the City Council of Green Bay, Wisconsin, asks the Government to let the speakeasies in that city alone, stating that it is better to have the saloons so situated that the police know where they are than to have irresponsible blind pigs scattered in secret places impossible of supervision.

W. W. Scott.

NUMISMATICS

PROBABLY the hollowest sensation is when the Information Editor answers your hopeful query as to the value of a twenty-five-cent piece, dated 1838 and in good condition, as follows: "Twenty-five cents."—*Detroit News*.

LIFE is publishing its usual **DOG CALENDAR** this year, at the usual price of one dollar a copy. It will be ready in a few days. When preparing your holiday list, don't forget the **DOG CALENDAR**; it always makes such an acceptable gift!

Orders entered now will be filled on publication.

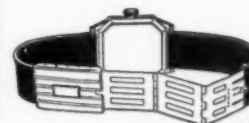
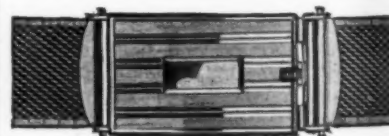


Another Good Wrist Watch Gone Wrong

HE had to take off the watch to wash up. Absent-mindedly he left it there, just long enough to do a vanishing act. Too bad he didn't have a Krementz Band. He could have slipped watch, band and all right up on his arm. That's the difference between Krementz Bands and other wrist watch straps. There is no buckle that must be opened. Instead, a neat case holds three expanding links that permit watch to be slipped on or off—over the hand. Safer, surer, easier.

Jewelers have them in gold plated casings with leather or flexible Milanaise mesh bands—\$7.50 to \$15; also with solid 14 kt. and 18 kt. gold and solid platinum casings. Write for name of nearest jeweler.

KREMENTZ & CO., Newark, N. J.



When completely expanded there is ample allowance for free passage over hand or up on forearm.

Krementz
WRIST WATCH
BAND

HORRORS OF AIR TRAVEL

He sat 'neath a pine in a South Jersey bog
On a trunk and a couple of grips,
And the air all around was a plum-colored fog
From five cigarettes in his lips.

He then lit another, thus making it six,
And smiled as a child in a dream.
I asked, "Why so many at once of the sticks,
And why do you blissfully beam?"

He mumbled, "Of all the afflictions there are,
The one that is least of a joke
Is to travel a week in a soaring cigar
And not be permitted to smoke!"

—L. H. Robbins, in *New York Times*.

A RIVAL FOR HOUSEMAID'S KNEE

"The Ministers have now decided that draft regulations, directed to abating the nuisance of motor traffic nose, should be prepared."

—*Evening Paper*.

So far we have only suffered from the sister complaint, motor-traffic cars.—*Punch*.

POLITICO-BIOLOGICAL definition from a schoolgirl's examination paper: "A Senator is a being half horse and half man."

—*Golden Book*.

10 minutes ago—



Remember all the things people used to do for headaches? Today, the accepted treatment is Bayer Aspirin. It gets action! Quick, complete relief—and no harm done. No after effects; no effect on the heart; nothing in a Bayer tablet could hurt anyone. (Your doctor will verify this.) For any sort of headache, neuralgic pains, rheumatism—your first thought should be of these tablets. Taken soon enough, it can head-off the pain altogether; even those pains many women have thought must be endured.



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetlicacidester of Salicylicacid



ALL men know that a blade is only as good as its edge.

Every man who tries a Schick is delighted with every Schick blade. You can be sure that the 20 blades which rest in its handle will give you the best shaves you have ever had from any razor...

The repeating feature of the Schick Razor is a surprising convenience. To change blades pull out the plunger, push it back. The old blade is dropped out and the new one put in place.

Stop in at your favorite store today. Take home a Schick and try it—then you will understand why Schick users never again go back to the razors they used before.

Sold in Better Stores

Schick Razors are sold in the better stores at \$5.00, including 20 blades. (Gold model \$7.50.) Additional clips of 20 blades for 75¢—in Canada slightly higher. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Ave., New York. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B.

A smooth shave, quick

with a
Schick Repeating Razor

ANATHEMA

WHEN Carl von Hoffman returned with thousands of feet of film from Africa, where, with his movie camera, he had spent two years studying various interior tribes, he thought the stuff might be of financial interest to the movie people.

He sought out the director of the "educational" department of one of the big screen concerns and asked him if he was in the market for some especially fine ethnological pictures.

"No," said the director, "we never go in for religious stuff."—*Panorama*.

A NEW YORK fisherman caught a bolt of lightning on his casting rod, but survived. Luckily, a larger one got away.—*Detroit News*.

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise \$600 up

s.s. "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30

Clark's 25th cruise, 66 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Casablanca, Rabat, Capital of Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Cherbourg, (Paris). Includes hotels, guides, motors, etc.

Norway-Mediterranean Cruise, June 29, 1929; \$600 up

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.



MOULDS.

For Making Toy Soldiers, Indians, Cowboys, Animals, etc.

With one Mould you can make many HUNDREDS OF CASTINGS. Whole Armies. Outfits, including material for casting, enamel paints and everything complete. \$4.50. Easy enough for any boy to make and great fun for grown-ups. Sport for the whole family. Write for illustrations of dozens of patterns you can make.

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CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

HOTEL SYRACUSE

SYRACUSE, N.Y.

EVERY metropolitan service is provided in this new and modern 600 room hotel. All outside rooms—with bath. Rates from 3.00 up. Sample rooms 4.00 up.

Excellent Dining Rooms

Two Good Cities

POWERS HOTEL

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Thoroughly modern. New furniture throughout. New bathrooms and elevators—completely redecorated. Specializing in exceptional food at moderate prices. 300 rooms from 2.25 up.

Both under the direction of ROY P. BRAINARD

Two Good Hotels

NEW DISCOVERY

Grows Hair Quickly!

Noted surgeon has discovered amazing way to grow hair called Dermo-Ray. Employs Infra-Red Rays. In thirty days no more dandruff. Scalp tissues given new life. Then within a few weeks luxuriant new hair! Two years ago the discoverer was himself bald. Today his hair is full and thick. Sent on Free Trial. Results or no pay. If you have electricity in your home write at once for Free, startling, thirty-two page booklet. Address: CARL LARSON INSTITUTE 216 North Wabash Ave., Dept. 363 Chicago, Ill.



Abbott's
BITTERS

Use a Tablespoon in a Glass of Ginger Ale or Water. A Good Tonic and Palatable.

Sample of Bitters by mail 25 cts.

C. W. ABBOTT & CO.
Baltimore, Md.

THE DEVINNE-HALLENBECK COMPANY, INC., PRINTERS, NEW YORK

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

LIKE various other bards, whose lays
Fill this and that forgotten tome,
I used to sing a lot in praise
Of home.

I used to write the usual con
About what joy it is to be
At home, with youngsters perched upon
Each knee.

I rang the changes on the hymn
About the fireside's cheerful glare,
The little Woman's happy vim,
Her care.

To all my verse I strove to give
The throb that to such work belongs,
And prospered, till I tried to live
My songs.

I hung all day about the house
And bubbled with domestic zest,
Till I became unto my spouse
A pest.

I loitered by the family fire,
Fulfilling my poetic dream,
And roused in her a mad desire
To scream.

What my experiences have been
I do not think it wise to say;
It seems that I was only in
The way.

Yet still my little rhymes I jot
With loving, sentimental touch,
And still I stay at home, but not
So much.

—From "Listen to the Mocking Bird," by
Stoddard King (Doubleday, Doran).

REVIVED

ALL this talk of ambidexterity always reminds us of the old story about Bugs Raymond, the once famous southpaw. The highbrow members of the Giants used to guy Raymond a good deal, some of the guying taking the form of the use of large words. Tenney and Mathewson once were talking about a pitcher in Kansas City who used to pitch part of the game right-handed and part of it left-handed. "Why, Bugs," said Matty, "do you know that fellow is positively ambidextrous?" "Sure," Bugs is alleged to have replied, "that guy'd shoot you in a minute."—F. P. A., in *New York World*.

OH, NO! NOT REALLY!

THE teacher was telling a story to the kindergarten and interest was intense.

"So that night the wicked red fox came and stole a chicken. The next night he came and stole another chicken. And the next night he came and stole another chicken. And"—dramatic pause—"what do you suppose happened the next night?"

"Oh, teacher!" panted Peter. "Did he get another chicken?"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

We imagine all the editors in Italy felt under obligation to print Mr. Mussolini's remark that papers in that country are the freest in the world.—*Detroit News*.

"Fred S. Thompson, colored, was arrested when detectives found him carrying 27 quarts of Scotch whisky and 24 quarts of champagne."—*Tribune*.

THOMPSON? His name's Samson.
—*Chicago Evening Post*.

P A C K A R D



"Gules, a cross lozengy between 4 roses or. A pelican in her piety."

So, in the language of Ancient Heraldry is described the Coat of Arms and Crest of the old English Packard family, first transplanted to the new world by Samuel of that name in the year 1638 via the good ship Diligent from Windham.

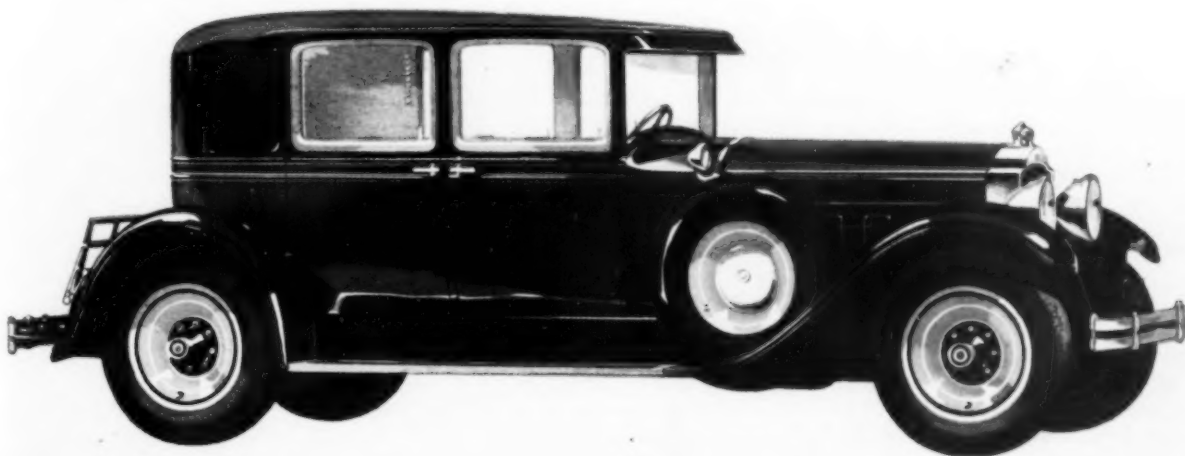
It was to be 290 years before that device was shown and known to fame in America—adopted with pride and as a mark of respect to James Ward Packard, and his brother and co-worker William, by the great company which they founded and lived to see win world leadership in the manufacture of fine cars.

For it was not in the Packard code to adopt a crest without meaning or significance, and the Packards were not the men to press their personalities or family in the public eye. So for thirty years the characteristic Packard radiator has neither borne nor needed a distinguishing symbol.

But now with the passing of Ward and William Packard, they who built largely with their own hands the first Packard car, the Packard Company has appropriately adopted that honorable family's Coat of Arms.

The Packard Arms will continue to stand for quality, taste and integrity—an everpresent pledge that the ideals established will always be faithfully upheld.

A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E



ATWATER KENT RADIO



THE NEW IDEA IN RADIO

All In One, But Only 30 Inches High

NOW Atwater Kent brings receiver and speaker together in the all-electric 1929 set—in a trim and beautiful cabinet that will look well wherever you place it.

Only 30 inches high, 11 inches deep, 18 inches wide. Just the compact size that makes you say "How convenient!"

It fits cosily into any small space—slips into corners where nothing else would do. Suit yourself as to position. Against a wall, if you like—but there are no restrictions; Model 52 is satin-finished on all four sides and the music comes through a speaker grille at the back as well as the front. Use the top as a small table if you wish.

And how you will enjoy listening! Do listen—at an Atwater Kent dealer's. Words cannot describe the purity and depth of tone, the ease of selecting programs with the FULL-VISION Dial, the constant entertainment such a modern radio brings.

Atwater Kent makes every part, matches them all for harmonious action, puts every Model 52 through 294 tests or inspections during manufacture, to make sure it is worthy. The demand for Atwater Kent Radio (now in 2,000,000 homes)—the facilities of the largest factory—make the price low.

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in!
Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4753 Wissahickon Avenue A. Atwater Kent, Pres. Philadelphia, Pa.



MODEL 52. This all-electric set combines receiver and speaker in a satin-finished shielding cabinet only 30 inches high. Without tubes, \$117. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

